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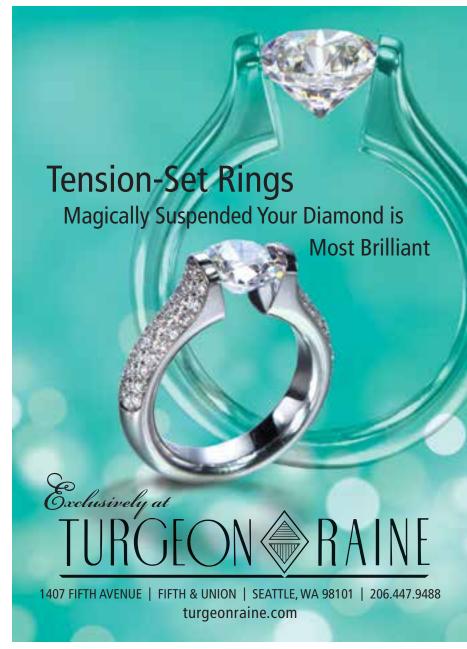
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(5/4) Jim Waddell of Dam Sense: Killer Whales, Salmon, Taxes, and LSR Dams: The Last Best Chance for Salmon

(5/5) Geoff Manaugh 'A Burglar's Guide to the City'

> (5/6) UW Science Now Leah Johnson Oceanic Shifts with a Global Impact

(5/6) Peter Wilcox

The Life of a Greenpeace Captain

(5/6) Amy Goodman and **Denis Moynihan** Democracy Now! 20 Years of Change **SOLD OUT**

(5/7) Saturday Family Concerts Hootenanny! A Sing-along for Social Change

(5/7) Listen to Your Mother Seattle: **Original Stories** Celebrating Motherhood

(5/7) LUCO: **Lake Union Civic Orchestra** Chamber Music Cabaret

(5/9) Projects 4 Good: Questions for a Better Future

(5/10) David Rolf

How Workers are Winning the 'Fight for Fifteen'

(5/10) Therese Huston

Sparking Better Decision Making for Women

(5/11) Odd Bedfellows

How Changing Zoning Leads to Affordability

(5/11) Sophie Egan with Tim Egan 'Are We What We Eat?'

(5/12) UW Science Now: William Chen with Roxanne Carini Preserving Freshwater Fish, Rivers, and Dams; Breaking Waves, the Coastal Environment

(5/12) NW Conservation Leaders: An Evening on the Elwha River

> (5/12) Eric Jay Dolin An Illuminating History of Lighthouses

(5/13) Chris Anderson

An Expert Guide to TED-style Public Speaking

(5/14) Saturday Family Concerts Frances England

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the Stranger

Volume 25, Issue Number 36 May 4-10, 2016



COVER ART

photo by **ALEX GARLAND** alexgarlandphotography.com

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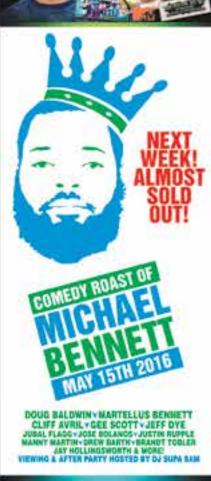
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Saturday May 7th, 2016





FROM A NEARBY HOTEL ROOM We saw you walk on the empty elevated freeway.

WALKING AROUND ON THE VIADUCT

We saw you, a transportation worker in a reflective yellow jacket, walking around on the viaduct the first Saturday morning it was closed. You had just gotten out of your white pickup truck. There had been another white pickup next to yours, with orange cones in the back, but after that truck and its driver made off down the empty freeway, you had the place to yourself. You stood on one edge and looked over. You crossed four lanes to the opposite edge and looked over. You took out your cell phone and started taking pictures.

SEEING THE FUTURE FROM THE FERRY

On an impossibly sunny weekend afternoon, a group of people tucked their faces into jackets

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and guilty



SEX (AT) WORK

I want to fuck my boss. This can't be too rare—my vibrator is called "Boss Naked." Of course he's married, and so am I, and it's never going to happen. But when I'm going to sleep at night, I think of him slowly touching me. In his office, I think of him bending me over his desk and taking me from behind, hard and fast. This is probably so common that Savage Love wouldn't even print my letter, but it's unusual for me. There's nobody I can tell, no one I can ask for help. I like my job and don't want to have to get another one, but it's really hard to keep going like this. How do I stop thinking of my boss naked?

and scarfs to brace against the wind as the ferry arrived in Seattle from Bainbridge Island. You were a woman in your 20s in sunglasses and a peacoat. As the city got closer, the viaduct was impossible to miss, and you were staring straight at it. Quiet, completely free of rumbling cars and trucks spitting exhaust into the air and bay, belting the skyline, blue water below and blue sky above. When asked, you said you were wondering if it might stay closed forever.

SINGING "UNDER THE VIADUCT"

Just a few blocks away from the elevated freeway, on the second day of its closure, we saw video projected inside a dark room at Glass Box Gallery. Dashcam videos of police beating and shooting citizens flicked across a giant painting of an iPhone—a larger-than-life rendering of an iPhone made by the artist No Touching Ground. Then another video came on, the now notorious 1986 video made by a group of Seattle cops to the tune of "Under the Boardwalk," rewritten as "Under the Viaduct." In case you're not familiar (you can find it on YouTube), the song mocks homeless people living in the area, with some cops dressed as scraggly, drunken homeless men and other cops dressed as cops, hitting their batons and fists in their own palms as if readying for a fight. "Under the viaduct, we'll be drinking our booze," sing the cops dressed as homeless people. "Under the viaduct, our sores continue to ooze." Some people in the gallery had never seen this video before. We watched the cringeworthy "joke" all the way through.

UBER DRIVER REMEMBERS UBER MESS

Driving a passenger through Ballard three days after officials shut down the viaduct to allow Bertha to drill, you remarked to your passenger that you were there, on the viaduct, that memorable day of the fish truck clusterfuck in 2015, when an overturned semi full of salmon shut the freeway down from 2:30 to 11 p.m. You had to sit there for three hours with an Uber client in your backseat. So what happens if there's a fish truck clusterfuck in the tunnel, if they ever finish building it? Imagine being stuck behind an overturned truck of salmon in an underground tunnel. That is not good, you said, shaking your head. Not good at all.

WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE PANIC WITH YOUR COFFEE?

You recently moved from the East Coast to take a job at a company situated right on Western Avenue, with a scenic view of the

What Are You THINKIN

by Mandy Patinkin

realize that to be in the presence of an international star of stage, screen, and radio can be intimidating. I don't think it's arrogant to acknowledge that I have a certain quality—call it an aura, call it a vibe, call it "It"—that puts people off their game. Disarms them. Always has. Bound to. God blesses you with talent, looks, sexual prowess, voice of an angel, brains of an Einstein, instincts of a jaguar, and believe you me, boychik, people notice. Is it a burden? Sometimes. Is it worth it? Bet your ass.

Which is why when people—I don't like the word "fans"—get nervous or awkward around me, I tend to be lenient. And no, not simply because the alternative prolongs

the encounter. I believe allowing people to tell you how much they love you is part of the package

It's called humility.

But I'm here today to tell you that there is such a thing as too much.

Most people, they come up, they say I love you, Mr. Patinkin. I felt your pain in Alien Nation. Your album Mamaloshen made me plotz. I cried when you bailed on Criminal Minds. Great. Yes. I get it. "Thank you." I may seem preoccupied with, you know, LIVING MY ACTUAL LIFE, I appreciate it. Fine. Great. Next.

But some of these people... Ay-yi-yi! I have only one question for them. Let me illustrate: Take the guy who followed me into the Sky Miles lounge at JFK—I don't even think he was a member—just to say, "Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to—" and yes, I did stop him before he could say the last word, because frankly, I don't appreciate being pigeonholed.

I created the role of Inigo. Breathed life into what, before I came on board, was, frankly, a rather two-dimensional caricature, mired in cliché. Is it my job to listen as some jag-off with a mileage upgrade does a poor impersonation? Hang on, let me call my agent and ask him to look up that clause in my contract from 29 years ago. thank you very much. Did I say that? No. You know what I did say? WHAT ARE YOU THINKIN'?

waterfront and the viaduct. Only after you made the move did you see the video—you know, the one the Washington Department of Transportation put out in 2009 that simulates what would happen to the viaduct in the event of a major earthquake. You heard stories about pieces of debris flying off the highway. Now you're doing your best to get through the day without imagining full-scale Armageddon while Bertha is tunneling beneath the thing. You might join a chanting meditation

FIRST AVENUE (NOT THE PURPLE RAIN ONE)

We appreciate a good bit of commiseration as much as anyone, so it was with a measure of gratitude that we stopped to listen to you busking a Prince song near the closed viaduct ramp at First and Seneca. You are not Prince, but then neither are we, and nor is anyone else, so really it's fine that you were comping together a simplified chord progression for the guitar part. And it's also completely understandable that your singing was a little scruffy. No one could sing like Prince, before or since, so your personal expression does count for something here. However, we did want to take you up on one small point vis-à-vis the lyrics. The line is "Little red Corvette / Baby, you're much too fast" and NOT "much too FAT," which is what you sang every time the chorus came around. Maybe you meant "phat," but we doubt it. We reckoned you were thinking about the relative size of a Stingray passenger seat, and wondered if you had enough

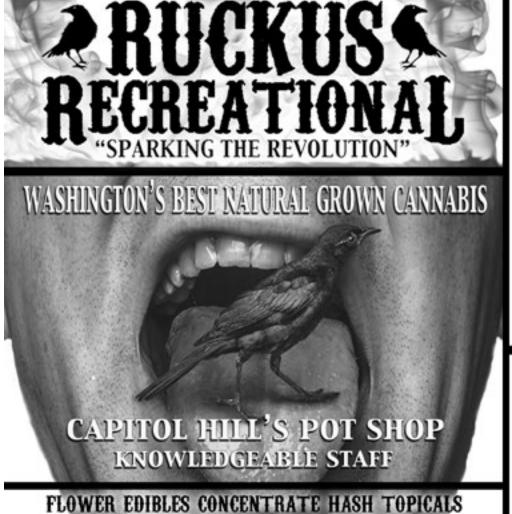
IGNORANT OF TRAFFIC AT THE SYMPHONY

The viaduct was closed? Wouldn't know. It was only a 10-minute trip from the bar at Nacho Borracho to the light rail station inside Benarova Hall, where a few hundred Seattleites watched two of the most beguiling violinists-Long Beard Guy and Expressive Guy-perform pieces from Dutilleux, Beethoven, and Prokofiev. Expressive Guy plays violin in the back row. He's follically challenged, but what he lacks in hair production he makes up for in pure enthusiasm. With a stiff back, he rocks side to side with the music, really digging into the dramatic parts. He seems to know the music in his bones—as if at any moment he'll jump up, kick over the music stand, and emote all over the stage with his violin. Long Beard Guy has the exact opposite playing style. He sits a few rows up from Expressive Guy, wearing a long-tailed tux coat, and lays out the tunes without emotion. It's as if he just plays these symphonic gigs to make rent: He'd much rather be jamming with the Yellow Green Mountain Boys at the Grizzled Wizard. The woman who played piano for Beethoven's fourth—Imogen Cooper—poured herself over the piano like a living wave. With a long sweep of her hand, she'd toss off a note to the orchestra, who'd run with it for a while before throwing it back to her. Watching all these dynamics play out so far from traffic was enlivening, relaxing, delightful! Fuck driving—go to the symphony! ■









TINCTURES CARTRIDGES INFUSED BEVERAGES

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NEW CONSTRUCTION Seattle needs more of this.

More Growth Please

The "Yes in My Backyard" Movement Builds in Seattle

BY HEIDI GROOVER

editate on this," San Francisco activist Sonia Trauss tells a crowd in a conference room overlooking Lake Union. "What's the difference between being able to afford something that's not available... and not being able to afford something that is available?"

The room sits in polite quiet.

"Nothing," Trauss says emphatically. "There's no difference. These are both ways that [housing] shortage manifests."

Trauss is preaching to the choir: a room of mostly white, mostly male Seattle developers working on plates of steak and green beans. You don't have to tell this group twice about the rules of supply and demand. But in another way, Trauss is screaming into the void.

All across Seattle, small fights are playing out over whether new buildings-new housina—should be built. These are fights about the scale and height of new buildings, neighborhood character, and whether Seattle is losing its "soul." They are tedious and they are hurting housing affordability in this city. But for the most part, the only people paying attention to these fights are the people who want to stop the growth. People like the developers in this room, who believe Seattle needs more growth to meet its massive influx of new residents, rarely show up to advocate for new housing unless its their own project in question. The rest of the city's residents—who, if recent city council election results are any indication, favor new density over parochial NIMBYism—don't often show up, either.

Trauss, 34, is trying to change that in San Francisco and encouraging urbanists in Seattle to do the same. Trauss founded the San Francisco Bay Area Renters Federation, a blunt, tech-funded, grassroots organization that advocates for more housing in and around San Francisco and was recently profiled in the New York Times as an indication of that city's "cries to build, baby, build." The group is one of many across the country organizing under the banner of YIMBY ("yes in my backyard"). Next month, YIMBYs will convene in Boulder, Colorado, for a conference with discussion topics like "forging healthy alliances between housing advocates and housing developers" and "responding to anti-housing ballot measures."

"You guys actually have some non-industry pro-growth people," Trauss tells the Seattle developers. "Seattle has a lot of urbanists. It's just a matter of Laura actually starting a mailing list, and pretty soon you'll have your own pro-development citizen group."

In the crowd sits Laura Bernstein, a 40-year-old renter in the University District

who recently quit grad school to spend this vear studying urbanism on her own and figuring out how to expand the YIMBY movement in Seattle. Before becoming a middle-school teacher, Bernstein studied opera and plant biology. Now she spends her days having coffee with other urbanists, going to community meetings, and running the Twitter account @YIMBYsea.

At this time last year, Bernstein wouldn't be showing up in a story about YIMBYs. Then, she was working for a city council candidate who embodies the "not in my backvard" movement—Tony Provine. (By the end of his campaign, Provine was sending out mailers depicting bulldozers threatening to tear down single-family zones across the city. He lost in the primary with just 14 percent of the vote in his district.) Bernstein says when she started working for Provine, she thought he could serve as a bridge between pro-density urbanists and neighborhood advocates afraid of change. With enough reasoning, she thought, anybody could be convinced to welcome growth in their neighborhood.

"All of that idealism went right out the window the minute I started knocking on doors and talking to voters," Bernstein tells me over Skype while she's in Vancouver to see an interactive art exhibit about growth there. Knocking on doors is when Bernstein says she

"At the end of the

day, some people

just hate growth

and there's nothing

you can do."

began "hearing how cynical of downtown, cynical of politicians, and so put upon [homeowners were], like 'They're doing this to us." By "this," the neighbors mean growth. It's a common refrain in Seattle's density debate that developers or city officials are inflicting growth onto

neighborhoods. In fact, of course, new people will move to Seattle whether we build for them or not. The only thing we have control overunless we decide to build a wall—is whether we're prepared for those new residents.

But Bernstein is holding on to some of her idealism. She doesn't like to use the term "NIMBY" and is deliberate about trying to meet with people she disagrees with. That sounds cheesy, but it makes her a rarity among the city's hardcore urbanists.

On social media, Seattle urbanists can be a condescending, dick-swinging crowd, dismissing the lived experiences of displaced and struggling renters because they're busy shouting about the faultless wisdom of the free market. ("NIMBYs are literally the worst," one tweeted as I was writing this story. "Economic terrorists.") The city's well-meaning pro-tenants movement, meanwhile, peddles tired caricatures of greedy developers and focuses almost exclusively on rent control as the solution to Seattle's housing crisis. It's an exhausting split that accomplishes little, except alienating everyone in the middle. A group like SFBARF, led by renters and fighting for growth, could bridge some of that divide. Trauss is wholly pro-development—all types of it—but she also supports increased protections to keep renters from being "economically evicted" (when landlords dramatically raise rents to push out low-income tenants) and temporary rent control while supply catches up with demand.

Some local density advocates are skeptical of the YIMBY movement.

"Look at the math," Ben Schiendelman, a

Seattle tech worker and outspoken pro-density provocateur, says of Trauss's efforts in San Francisco, "They don't win fights, and when they do, it's like for a handful of units in a building. In the time it takes to win those fights, you lose thousands of people out of the city."

Schiendelman, 34, believes the only answer in Seattle and San Francisco alike is to get rid of zoning altogether. (Trauss's group is trying to sue the suburbs for restricting growth; Schiendelman supports that and says he's working on a similar lawsuit against Seattle.) Killing zoning would allow all sorts of building all over the city, he argues, creating a denser, more transit-rich city where poor and rich people live alongside each other. He has little patience for community organizing like Bernstein and others are doing.

"People are becoming NIMBYs at a faster rate than you could talk them out of it," Schiendelman says. "The rate at which you could possibly organize [pro-growth] people is slower than the rate at which the city becomes less affordable."

But a look at the public reaction to modest moves toward more density in Seattle shows what an unwinnable fight getting rid of zoning altogether could be.

Last year, Mayor Ed Murray's housing affordability committee-known as HALArecommended upzones to make certain parts of the city denser, reductions of expensive parking quotas, and new requirements that developers include affordable units in new apartment buildings or pay fees to help pay for new affordable housing. The neighborhood backlash was immediate, particularly against the recommendation to allow duplexes, triplexes, and backyard cottages in some of the city's

> single-family zones—which make up 65 percent of land (including parks) in Seattle. Meanwhile, others opposed HALA for different reasons. Developer lobbyist Roger Valdez argued the affordability requirements would make housing more expensive. Jon Grant, the former head of the Tenants

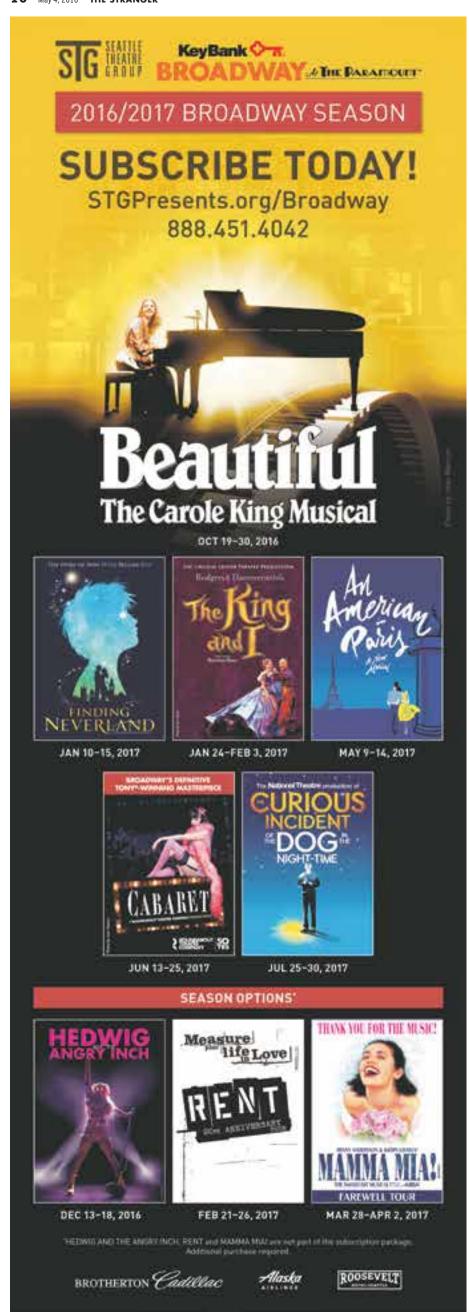
Union of Washington State and a member of the HALA committee, criticized the recommendations for not including rent control and not charging enough fees on developers. In the middle, a coalition of developers and housing advocates have joined to form a group called "Seattle for Everyone," which encourages lawmakers and the public to support the HALA recommendations.

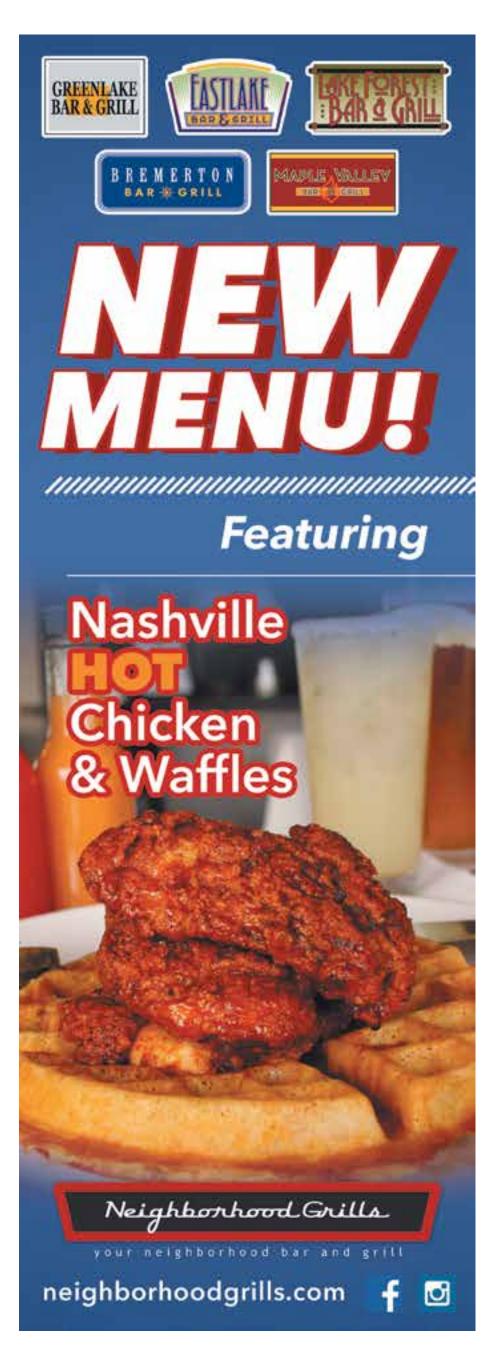
In response to neighborhood backlash, Murray, joined by Council Members Tim Burgess and Mike O'Brien (who claims to be the council's environmental leader), backed away from the HALA recommendations. It will be up to activists like Bernstein to force that discussion back onto the table. With calls to abandon all zoning set as the extreme, allowing backyard cottages and duplexes becomes the moderate position in this debate.

Bernstein says she's focused on what happens after HALA is done. The YIMBY movement "is here," she says. "I think we're a super YIMBY city."

Back at the developer dinner, Trauss urges builders to show up at meetings and comment in favor of each other's projects and to do an industry survey of their salaries to try to make the point that they're not all getting rich. In San Francisco, she's looking ahead to May 10, when she's asking YIMBYs to all show up and vote in an election on the same day to show that they're a real constituency.

"At the end of the day, some people just hate growth and there's nothing you can do,' she tells the room. "You're never going to convince that person, so that's fine. Don't waste your energy. You just have to say, 'See you at the ballot box."" ■







TRASHED Someone lives here.

Privatizing the Clearing of Homeless Encampments

The City Pays a Specialized Company \$240 Per Hour to Trash People's Stuff

BY ANSEL HERZ

he fast-growing, progressive city of Seattle is privatizing some of the work involved in evicting its many homeless people from unauthorized camping sites to a new company—a firm specially created to clear out the places where the homeless sleep.

The company is called Cascadia Cleaning and Removal, and its website advertises "Homeless Encampment Abatement and Removal" services. On a recent morning, I encountered two of their workers manning a trash bin next to a homeless encampment where an elderly man was still sleeping—on a sidewalk beneath I-5, a few blocks away from City Hall. One worker told me they "toss everything" if no one is around to claim their belongings. He said they would come back again later because the camp was still occupied.

The city is paying the company \$240 per hour for "encampment cleanup in designated locations as needed," according to a copy of its contract, \$80 per hour per worker in a three-person crew.

Tim Harris, publisher of the street newspaper Real Change, said Mayor Ed Murray had promised homeless advocates he would recalibrate the cleanups (Harris calls them sweeps) in the wake of criticism that they unfairly trash homeless people's property and merely chase the homeless from one location to the next.

"On the other side, the mayor is abdicating responsibility by privatizing the contract for these sweeps," Harris said. "Does he think no one's watching?"

The number of sweeps has skyrocketed from 131 in 2013, the year Murray took office, to more than 527 last year. City officials say they offer the people they encounter shelter options. But they admit that only about 40 percent of people kicked out of illegal homeless encampments end up in city shelters—most are simply shunted to some other location. Homelessness has been on the rise: The 2016 One Night Count found 2,942 people sleeping outside—a 4 percent increase over the previous year. The city funds only 1,600 shelter beds.

I reached Cascadia Cleaning and Removal founder Scott Caufield by phone on May 3, while he was out in the field—in the middle of clearing a homeless encampment in Tacoma alongside police officers. "We just clean the site up," he said genially. "Anything there that's associated with the encampment." Then he said he couldn't talk further right then, but would

talk later. He did not respond to follow-up voice $\,$ mails. Business registration records indicate he founded the company last year.

The company's website advertises "Crime Prevention Through Environmental Design $(CPTED) \dots Let \, us \, help \, you \, develop \, a \, CPTED$ plan to help deter unwanted issues!"

Some homeless advocates believe CPTED is a form of "hostile architecture"—code for installing sprinklers in places where people sleep or creating benches with dividers that make it impossible to comfortably lie down: The intention is to make the area inhospitable to homeless people. Yurij Rudensky, a staff attorney at Columbia Legal Services who is studying how Seattle sweeps away homeless people and their belongings, said he's alarmed by what he sees on the website. "The idea of 'hardening' areas as a way to combat the homelessness crisis is particularly problematic," he said.

The fact that we have an environment that allows for this type of cottage industry is troubling," Rudensky added. "When the city sweeps encampments without telling people where they can be and pays \$240 per hour to Cascadia for cleanups instead of providing access to restrooms, garbage pickup, and harm reduction, it is frustrating for advocates, expensive, and, in our view, counterproductive."

Scott Lindsay, an adviser to Mayor Murray, defended the hiring of the company. He said Cascadia is involved in trash pickup only "after we've completed the outreach... We are absolutely not outsourcing the removal of individuals." Lindsay said Department of Corrections work crews still do most of the camp removal work at reasonable cost, but due to limits in capacity, "we've also had to bring on private contractors."

Lindsay described a careful process wherein vetted city employees carefully sort through homeless people's belongings. Rudensky and others have described a different scene playing out in practice: trucks pulling up to encampment sites at unpredictable hours and all kinds of stuff being trashed by work crews, including family photos and medications.

For-profit contractors—including two other private firms whose names he did not have on hand—have been used on a total of 12 occasions in 2016, Lindsay said, to carry out what he called "difficult, unpleasant, and unpopular work... So we pay fairly high rates, for sure." ■





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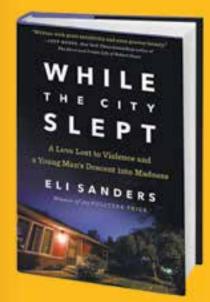
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Why Rescheduling Cannabis Won't End Prohibition

Plus Legalization Efforts Ramp Up Nationwide, and More Rappers Criticize Uncle Ike's

BY TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

xcitement is growing as the Drug Enforcement Administration decides whether or not to reschedule cannabis, which it's expected to do in the next few months. But as Erwin Chemerinsky, dean of UC Irvine's School of Law, explains in a recent op-ed in the $Washington\ Post$, federal rescheduling won't end prohibition. That's because it won't change state drug laws.

'Completely legalizing marijuana in the United States would require the actions of both the federal government and every state government," Chemerinsky noted. Absolutely right! Did you know that, here in Washington

State, weed is still listed under Schedule I of our state's Controlled Substances Act? I-502 legalized the possession, manufacture, and distribution of pot simply by



creating exceptions to the CSA. Things are even more complicated when you consider tribal law. Every tribe operates under its own set of laws, and many of them have adopted drug laws that are similar to the federal government's. In fact, when the Suquamish Tribe wanted to get into the pot business, they had to change their tribal laws and sign a pact with state regulators in order to do so. South Dakota's Flandreau Santee Sioux Tribe didn't have

The tribe ended up torching their crop. In other words, even if the DEA has a sudden change of heart and reschedules cannabis, it might be worth double-checking your state (or tribal) laws before you light up a fatty in celebration.

it so easy. Last year, the tribe attempted to

open the nation's first cannabis resort, but

federal officials threatened them with a raid.

Cannabis Reform Efforts Nationwide

Even if the DEA decides not to reschedule cannabis, there may still be reasons to celebrate this year. California, Maine, Massachusetts, Arkansas, Missouri, Ohio, Arizona, and Florida are all considering legalization in 2016.

In Maine, a citizen initiative to legalize recreational cannabis was just cleared to appear on the November ballot. A similar initiative was certified in Massachusetts, although opponents recently got the green light to challenge it in the state's supreme court in June, reports the ${\it Boston\ Herald}.$ California, Nevada, Missouri, Arizona, and Arkansas are also considering legalizing for recreational purposes, and two of those states (Missouri and Arkansas), plus Ohio and Florida, also have medical marijuana initiatives. (In Alaska, where recreational cannabis is already legal, regulators are closer to approving public onsite consumption at existing retail stores.)

But even though voters in many of those states overwhelmingly support legalization, there are fears a few wealthy opponents could kill the efforts. According to the $East\ Bay$ Express, GOP fundraiser Mel Sembler has vowed to raise \$10 million to fight Florida's medical marijuana amendment. From 1976 to 1993, Sembler ran Straight, Inc., a drugrehab program that was forced to shut down after multiple allegations of abuse. (Sembler also bankrolled the opposition to legalization in Colorado in 2012.)

Straight, Inc. is no more, but it now exists as the Drug Free America Foundation, a nonprofit organization that champions punitive, shitty drug policy under the guise of "harm reduction." (For the record, arresting people, even if you send them to drug court or rehab, is not what actual harm reduction is about.)

Sembler's involvement in the Florida

MMJ fight is a chilling reminder that certain people made boatloads of money off the war on drugs-forprofit cannabis rehab programs anyone?—and they're fighting tooth and nail to keep the drug war raging.

Songs About Uncle Ike's

Ike Eisenberg has certainly inspired a lot of musicians lately-although probably not in the way he would like. In addition to Draze's "Irony on 23rd," we now have Spekulation's "Uncle Ike" and Filthy Fingers United's "Able Fader - 23rd and Union." They're all critical of Eisenberg's pot shop, Uncle Ike's, and its location in the historically black Central District where for years young men of color have been arrested for nonviolent drug offenses.

But Eisenberg doesn't seem fazed by all the attention. In fact, he said he was fond of Filthy Fingers United's track. "I like this one," he said. "Old-school wiki wiki hiphop."

Although the tone at some of the Uncle Ike's protests has gotten nasty. Eisenberg relaved one chant from the protesters that's an undeniably great roast. While protesting his DJ's choice of playing rap at his 4/20 party, the activists offered an alternative: "Coldplay! Coldplay! "Coldplay!" they chanted.

He wanted to play the Rolling Stones, he said, "but all the young people who work here rolled their eyes and made fun of me."

King County Issues Moratorium on New Pot Businesses in Rural Areas

On April 23, the Metropolitan King County Council issued an emergency four-month moratorium on applications for legal growers, processors, and retailers in unincorporated areas of King County, reported the Seattle Times. The moratorium was drawn up in secrecy, without public notice, in order to avoid triggering a last-minute flood of applications for pot businesses, according to Council Member Reagan Dunn. The action was the result of community opposition and concerns that weed businesses are clustering in unincorporated areas of the county, which Dunn represents.

Complaints include the usual suspects: vague fears of increased crime and poor "air quality." Longtime cannabis supporter Jeanne Kohl-Welles cast the lone "no" vote. ■



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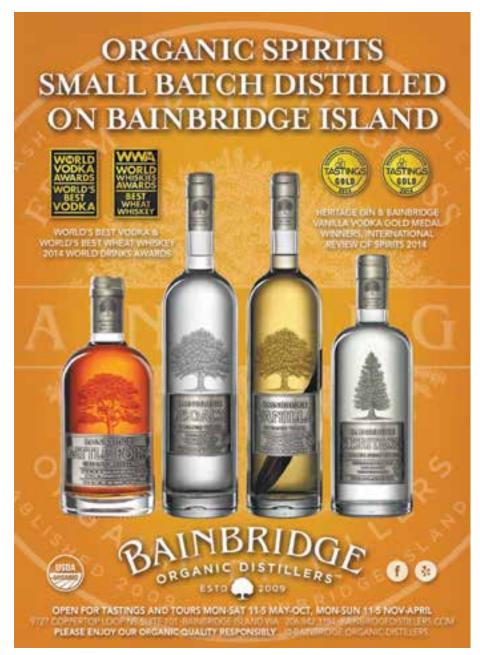




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For five years, Seattle's antigovernment protesters have been breaking shit, injuring people, and getting injured themselves. They can't explain what they want or where they're going with all this—and fuck you for asking.

BY ELI SANDERS

a eattle's version of May Day, in which a peaceful march for immigrant rights is followed by violent clashes between anarchists and police, is now five years old. It began in 2012, when anarchists used the annual El Comite march, a longrunning demonstration seeking to reform America's unjust immigration laws, as cover for launching a bunch of smash-and-run property crimes in the downtown core. The mostly white anarchists broke windows at retail businesses, various banks, and the federal courthouse, and in doing so effectively hijacked El Comite's message that year.

This was seen as a crass appropriation of the social justice organizing work done by El Comite, and in ensuing years, the anarchists, apparently hearing this criticism, began to more clearly separate their actions from those of the immigrant rights marchers. This is how May Day in Seattle came to have its current, predictable schedule: a diverse afternoon march to the federal courthouse led by people seeking to expand and improve the rule of law, and then, in the evening, roving mayhem featuring attacks on property and police by "Black Bloc" anarchists, a mostly white group devoted to dismantling the rule of law.

The memory of the anarchists' exploitative

behavior in 2012 had not faded at this year's El Comite march, which began on Sunday afternoon at Judkins Park in the Central District. The weather was hot and clear, and Raquel Soliz, 42, was standing in the shade near her son and her father. She said she wishes the anarchists would reconsider their tactics. "They can go about protesting a different way than ruining people's livelihoods," Soliz told me. She worries that people still conflate the anarchists' destructive tactics with El Comite's peaceful tactics. "People think that we're doing the same thing," Soliz said.

A few yards away, Jaime Zaragoza, 18, expressed a similar sentiment. "I understand their anger," he said of the anarchists, "but I do not agree with their methods. It definitely gives protesters here—and not just here, but everywhere—a bad name."

More than 1,000 people were preparing to march with El Comite from Judkins Park to the federal courthouse, and the staging ground was covered with the usual spectrum of ideologues offering support and seeking recruits. The revolutionary communists from "Revcom" were out, as were people from the Socialist Alternative party and, a few steps away, the Freedom Socialist Party. A member of the Democratic Party roved, clipboard in hand, trying to register

voters. Also present: National Organization for Women, Radical Women, Faith Action Network, and people seeking justice for Leonard Peltier. If there were anarchists around, they didn't make themselves evident—a sign that the message had been received.

As she was getting ready to march, state senator Pramila Jayapal, who's currently running for retiring Democratic congressman Jim McDermott's seat, recalled the anarchist infiltration of 2012. "That was hard," Jayapal said. "It was difficult to see our message disrupted." Like Zaragoza, she thinks the anarchists' core frustrations may be similar to her own. "All of this is expressing discontent with our current system," Jayapal said. But unlike the anarchists, she believes in reform through the democratic process. "I'm in the system," Jayapal said. "I'm trying to change it from the inside. And I believe that's possible, otherwise I wouldn't be here."

The violence and property destruction that have become a hallmark of Seattle's anarchist actions on May Day—and that seemed sure to take place again within a few hours—are not a path she wants to go down. "I just don't believe in that," Jayapal said. "I don't think that you fight war with more violence. And that's what he have: a war on working people in this country."





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he immigrant rights march headed west down Jackson Street, in the direction of Elliott Bay. Frank Taylor, 69, stood in some shade under the awning of his barbershop, watching. The shop is called Frank's, and Taylor's business card describes him as both manager and master barber. A sign at the front door of his shop reads "No sagging"—he's just not into sagging pants, and it's his shop. "It's crazy," Taylor said of the anarchist mayhem that now occurs annually after the El Comite march. "Violence is not the way to get your point across." Taylor has seen a lot of change in this country in his lifetime. It's not enough, but he still believes America can, and will, keep on changing. If it doesn't change fast enough, he said, "you keep on demonstrating."

As dancers in traditional Aztec dress passed by, Taylor told me he's feeling good about local government right now because of a series of events that refute the frequent anarchist claim that participation in the democratic process changes nothing. The City of Seattle, at the urging of our democratically elected socialist city council member, Kshama Sawant, recently gave Taylor \$25,000 in mitigation money for the effects of a public construction project near his other barber shop, which is located on 23rd Avenue. For him, government can be a force for positive change (the road, sidewalk, and lighting improvements the city is creating on 23rd) and a means of buffering people from the sometimes hard side effects of that change (the

mitigation money). And when it's not? Well, then you just keep pushing until it is.

immigrant rights march turned north, moving in the direction of the Seattle Police Department's Capitol Hill precinct. As it passed, officers stood silently behind metal barricades as

El Comite marchers briefly changed up their chants. What had been "Up, up with education! Down, down with deportation!" briefly gave way to "Black lives matter!" As the marchers crossed Boren Avenue, the site of clashes last year between police and anarchist protesters. I peeled off. By now, a few anarchists had joined in with the immigrant rights protesters, including a small group dressed in all black and carrying an effigy of the Monopoly man and his money bag. The Monopoly man was hanging from a noose.

s the El Comite march headed for the federal courthouse, I headed for Westlake Park, where an anarchist "solidarity music festival" was supposed to be under way. The music festival, it turned out, had ended early, and I'd missed my chance to catch acts such as "istabcapitalists" and "Smashie Smashie." I looked around. Someone had scrawled "LOVE COPS" onto the stones at the base of the Westlake stage, and then someone else had adjusted that message to read "EAT COPS." At a table $under\ some\ trees,\ pamphleteers\ handed\ out$ tracts with names like "Life Without Law." At another table, the group Food Not Bombs offered a goulash of chickpeas and cauliflower. Nearby, a segment of the Black Bloc was getting into costume: black hoodies up, black face masks on, black gloves pulled taut.

It's always an adventure talking to anarchists as a reporter. In my experience, anarchists tend to be exceedingly strident in demanding accountability from the rest of society, while simultaneously defying inquiries that suggest any kind of general accountability for their collective actions. For example, I'm often told that no individual anarchist can speak for any other anarchist, much less

take responsibility (or blame) for some other anarchist's deeds. To do so would suggest coordination and hierarchy, and as the "Life Without Law" pamphlet states, "An anarchist is someone who rejects the domination of one person or class of people over another." In practice, this means no one's the boss, no one's idea is better than anyone else's, and, when shit goes down, there's no central, agreed-upon set of guiding principles, no majority-endorsed justification or shared vision that someone like me can question.

"You don't need to rely

on your government. It's

kill or be killed. There

should be just one law,

'Take care of your shit.'"

Except that every year for the last five vears, a bunch of anarchists have come together in Seattle on the same day, in roughly the same place, with the strong conviction that they have a better idea for shaping human society, and a belief that they're following the righteous path by either breaking shit or injuring people, or both. When our far-from-perfect police department sometimes overreacts with indiscriminate force. plenty of these anarchists get injured, too.

Aware of the pitfalls in asking "Why?" at this kind of anarchist rally, I did anyway. I've spent a bunch of years as part of the "Who did what to whom first?" coverage Seattle's May Day face-off. On the whole, it's left me far more interested in this hard-to-explain (even for the anarchists themselves) ideology that leads people to risk injury and arrest. I know there's a long and serious history of anarchist intellectual thought. What I wanted, though,

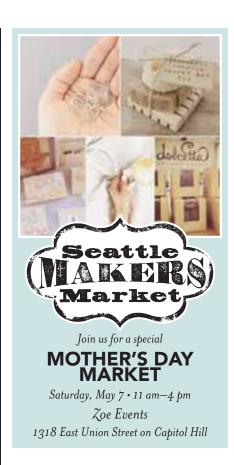
> was to find out what kind of thought tradition the protesters think they're enacting. Orien Summors, 22, was sitting on the Westlake pavers near the goulash station and, when I inquired, explained anarchy to me this way: "You need to take care of yourself. You don't need to rely

on your government. It's kill or be killed."

Summors, who said she would be attending the "smashfest" later on, continued: "There should be just one law, and that is 'Take care of your shit."' She went on to describe an anarchist vision for the world in which, when the strong hurt the weak, the strong will be hurt in equal measure. As examples, she said that a molester would be molested or a murderer would be murdered. I asked Summors if this was less a brand-new vision for utopia than a reversion to an old eve-for-an-eve brand of justice. "Eve for an eye, that's exactly it," she said.

"Maj," 43, was wearing a black baseball hat with a skull and crossbones on the front. "We're slaves, we're indentured servants," he told me, and then spoke of finding "utopia, equality, freedom" on the other side of this struggle. His sleeveless jean jacket was adorned with patches that read "DISOBEY" and "REBEL." Next to him stood "Faust," 20, wearing a black Utilikilt, upside-down cross earrings, and black boots. Faust promised me anarchy was leading us "to a brighter, better future." How? "I can't say for certain," Faust replied. "I am relatively new to this idea, as I am to the world as a whole." At least by joining this movement—which, one must recall, is not a movement! Just a random collection of free individuals accountable only to themselves except when they choose to act with others sometimes!—Faust can feel, he told me, like he's working against bigotry and capitalism. "I'm fucking pissed off," Faust said.

many other and many other anarchists regularly talk about themselves as "anticapitalist"and while that's definitely good marketing at this moment of unconscionable economic









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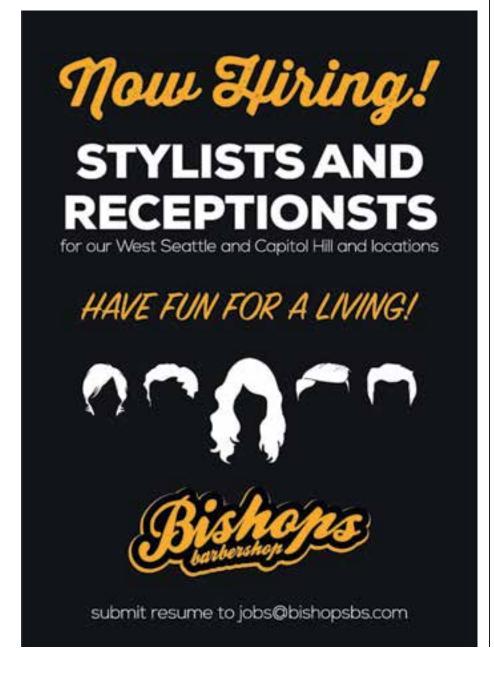
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◀inequality in America—it seems that what the anarchist protesters are, fundamentally, is antigovernment. If capitalism, our economic system, were to end tomorrow, there would still be the matter of our democratic state to deal with. In other words, "Life Without Law" does not begin when capitalism gives way to socialism or communism or some other way of organizing an economy. Life without law begins when the government falls, the jails open ("Free all prisoners, destroy all prisons," read one banner at the rally), and crutches like the Constitution, the social safety net, labor laws, regulated health care, and Social Security are tossed into the dustbin of history.

Interestingly, Faust and Maj didn't have a lot of kind things to say about Black Bloc anarchists who try to hasten the arrival of this supposedly wonderful moment by breaking shit and throwing things at cops. "They're fucking stupid," Faust said of the Black Bloc folks. "You're just going to smash some windows and say, 'Fuck capitalism'? Why not open up a dialogue?" Surprisingly, Maj then went on to echo an assumption that a lot of people outside of anarchist circles make about anar-

chists who break store windows. "These kids have trust funds," Maj, one of the few anarchists of color around, said disdain-"These kids fully. have money to put on lawvers—thev can afford it." Faust agreed, telling me he works at a thrift store making below poverty wages and can't afford that kind of risk.

But, Maj continued, the drive to destroy is not only tied to financial privilege. It's tied, he believes, to a broader sense of people, and especially young people, being unable to change anything at a time when their futures look incredibly bleak due to particular failings of our capitalistic democracy (which, they rightly point out, now operates more like an oligarchy). This is the "discontent with our current system" that Jayapal was referring to, but with an additional deep cynicism about redemptive possibilities. "Being disenfranchised leads to

"And what does destruction lead to?" I asked.

being disenchanted," Maj said. "Being disen-

chanted leads to being angry. Being angry

leads to destruction."

Maj's reply was immediate: "Reconstruction.'

I asked Maj why he believes an anarchist reconstruction would produce something better than the present.

"The question," he replied, "is whether it can get any worse."

efore May Day, the Puget Sound Anarchists posted a statement on their website meant to recruit others to their cause. It talked about "destroying our enemies and actualizing our desires.' (When highlighted by the media, the post was followed by a further post reminding everyone that, obviously, "this website and its editors speak for no one.") The original post featured a video of anarchists clashing with police officers during past May Days and described the need to dismantle "this hellworld—this Leviathan—[that] is poisoning our environment, exploiting us, wounding us, imprisoning us, and killing us. The reasons for fighting back are evident in the extreme. Down with the state and its trappings!"

The use of the word "Leviathan" was probably a reference to the 17th-century book of the same name, written by the

political theorist Thomas Hobbes. He's the guy who argued that, in the absence of a strong government to enforce rules and laws, human beings revert to what he viewed as their natural state—a state in which there is "continual fear and danger of violent death," and in which human lives, to repeat Hobbes's most famous line, are "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

I walked over to a member of the Black Bloc who was preparing himself for the evening's actions—hood up, mask on, eyes flitting intently about, as if searching for unseen adversaries. He was not excited to answer my questions, but when I asked what his aim was at this protest, he responded: "Awareness of capitalism and how it's destroying our country and the world." I asked him: What should capitalism be replaced by? "Socialism," he said. "Then communism." And after that, anarchy? "No," he said firmly.

I walked away confused. Across the square, Summors, the eye-for-an-eye anarchist, had raised her own black hood. The sun was starting to fall behind the downtown buildings, and most of the Black Bloc folksmaybe two dozen all told—were standing in a

"These kids have trust

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"These kids have money

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circle in the middle of Westlake Park, holding a ring of banners between themselves and a larger number of onlookers. Probably a quarter of those onlookers were reporters. The faces of the people in the bloc were partially obscured by masks, but enough of them could still be seen to determine that they were overwhelmingly

white and male. One banner read "Whoever they vote for we are ungovernable."

Nearby, a few people in Guy Fawkes masks created their own clutch of intrigue. At the periphery of it all, a man in an outfit labeled as a Pierce County Jail uniform was wearing bright stickers on his forehead and telling people excitedly, "I'm a rabbi. I'm a Jewish rabbi." A woman in the midst of either psychological or psychedelic disturbance continued an argument she'd been having with everyone and no one.

Political rallies like this are not just demonstrations in the typical sense. They can also demonstrate the future being sought, and so I thought: Is this the anarchic "utopia" they're offering? A vaguely menacing collection of masked white dudes waiting to come to a unanimous decision on what to do with all their sticks, rocks, fireworks, and cans of spray paint—while all around them, others wait in various states of madness, trepidation, and intrigue? This is meant to disprove the idea that, in the absence of government, we enter a Hobbesian nightmare?

also wondered: What if they're smarter than that? What if this year they just stand here and transform us, the watchers, into the spectacle? What if they prove they can force us to listen to their message by simply dangling the possibility of violence in front of us, and then after six hours of mutual staring and waiting expectantly, they pack up and go home and leave us to wonder about our reactions, our overreactions, the part that media images play in this heavily scripted annual performance, and what we're all really trying to protect.

That's not what happened.

But as I waited, I had time to notice that the Black Bloc members were wearing some nice threads. There were a lot of enviable black Gore-Tex rain jackets in that circle, plus numerous Doc Martens boots and



fine-looking, well-stuffed black backpacks, including one from North Face. A guy with a can of spray paint in each hand was sporting some very fancy sweatpants—the kind that cost more than jeans—and a pair of Air Jordans. Maybe Maj and Faust were right about the trust-fund kids.

Someone handed out orange and yellow cloth bandannas to people standing around the circle, so that they could become a bit more like the bloc. A bunch of young kids with skateboards ran up and grabbed the bandannas. A man outside the circle waved a "Fuck the SPD" sign at a helicopter overhead.

The size of the bloc seemed to have shrunk considerably from previous years. I thought: Maybe it's getting old for other people, too.

Suddenly, in front of me, a bloc member spoke: "We're against ISIS, by the way." He was talking to two women staring at the circle. I guess he thought one of them had just compared the bloc to ISIS, which she hadn't. He went on: "The world is literally going to shit right now. It's not time to be complacent... We have a very limited amount of time before we destroy everything." He was wearing black jeans, black shoes, and a black face mask. He said he might be dead before the world as we know it ends, but that his younger brother and sister probably wouldn't, and so here he is, taking action.

A banging began inside the circle, sticks hitting pavers, black flags waving. Outside the circle, someone shouted, "Everyone's a leader in anarchy!"

A chant went up: "All cops are bastards, ACAB! All cops are bastards, ACAB!"

The people who insist they're all autonomous individuals—freethinkers who can't be lumped together as a monolith—were now denying the individuality of a bunch of other people simply because those people work in law enforcement.

I thought of the post from the Puget Sound Anarchists, and the part of it that said, "Let's take steps to destroying our enemies and actualizing our desires." The mind-set of fanatical moral certainty requires an enemy.

here have actually been a lot of moments over the last five years—talking to Maj and Faust, for one recent example-when I've thought that anarchists, despite their bad reputation in Seattle, might actually be the most optimistic and idealistic people in the world. Some of them truly, truly seem to believe the polar opposite of what Hobbes believed. They think that absent the structures of government, human beings will naturally be so good to each other that we'll end up wondering why we ever groped toward government in the first place. But then

the Black Bloc starts marching, and I stop wondering if they might have a point about the undeniable, universal goodness of human nature.

This year, the bloc drew hundreds of others behind it for an evening march that left broken windows in downtown, five injured cops, and an untallied but certainly considerable number of injured protesters. According to the Seattle Police Department, one officer was struck in the head by a rock. Another was bitten. Another was hit by an unlit Molotov cocktail. In addition to the rocks and Molotov cocktails, marchers also threw fireworks. Police responded with pepper spray, blast balls that ended up injuring a number of journalists, and a practiced response that, in a new development from previous years, pushed the anarchist march into the Sodo neighborhood (giving Capitol Hill, a frequent end point for riots featuring bad behavior on all sides, a break). Along the way, a protester shouted into the live feed of local television station KIRO: "You're a corporate liar, FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!" Another live feed, by KOMO TV, picked up the chant of "FUCK KOMO, FUCK KOMO!" During an attempt at TV interviews, a male protester was heard yelling, "FUCK HER RIGHT IN THE PUSSY!" Nine people were arrested for property destruction, assault, and obstruction. Eight of them were between the ages of 20 and 23. (One was 32.) By nightfall, it had all ended—absurdly, exhaustedly—in the parking lot of a Costco, with the anarchist marchers penned in by their enemy, the law.

Meanwhile, a very different scene unfolded on Capitol Hill, behind an old firehouse that used to be an independent video store and now is a shop selling pricey knickknacks destined for the expensive new apartments of recent arrivals—the Bezos Bloc, you might call them. Out back of the old firehouse, on a grassy square, some of the Aztec dancers from the El Comite march had set up an impromptu recovery area.

The recent history of this spot reminds us that change is uneven, capitalism is far from perfect, and likewise for democracy.

But in the present moment, it was a startling, idyllic contrast to the "hellworld" seen—and sometimes enacted—by the anarchists. People napped in the grass. They ate from a sidewalk buffet of rice, beans, salad, and smoked salmon. They drank from a large clear barrel of agua fresca. The work expanding justice was unfinished, of course. It was not easy, and probably will never be. But in their exhaustion, they seemed invigorated. It seemed the revivifying exhaustion of inspiring protest, as opposed to the deadening exhaustion of unfocused, nihilistic rage.



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Virgin Territory by dan savage

I'm a 31-year-old straight woman. I have a good job, great friends, and average attractiveness. I've dated close to 30 men at this point, and I can't wrap my head around this: I've never had a boyfriend or dated anyone for more than a couple months. It's really starting

to wear on my self-esteem. I don't believe anything is wrong with me, but the more time goes on, the more I think I have to be doing something wrong. The guys ghost me or things fizzle out or we're not at the same point in our lives. This is particularly true for one guy I've remained friends with (common social circle) who is struggling with his career, though things are still awkward because it's clear there's still some-

thing there. Another area of concern: I'm still a virgin. Catholic guilt resulted in me being a late bloomer, with my first kiss at 21. Once I got $more\ into\ dating,\ my\ low\ self-esteem\ coupled$ with the fact that I've basically decided I want to be in a monogamous committed relationship with a guy before having sex, relationships just never happened. I don't have unrealistic expectations that I'll marry the first dick that sticks itself into me—but I've waited this long, so I'm not going to jump into the sack with just anyone without knowing that I can at least trust them. The only guy I really do trust is Somewhat Depressed Guy, but propositioning him could further complicate our already awkward friendship. Is something wrong with me, and what the hell should I do?

 $What's \ Wrong \ With \ Me?$

I get variations on the first half of your question—is something wrong with me?—all the time. But it's not a question I'm in a position to answer, WWWM, as I would need to depose a random sampling of the guys you've dated, interrogate your friends, and grill you under a bare lightbulb for a few days to figure out what's wrong with you.

And you know what? Nothing could be wrong with you. You may have pulled the short straw 30 times in a row, and you just need to keep getting out there and eventually you'll pull a guy who won't ghost or fizzle on you.

As for the second half of your question..

What the hell should you do? Well, gee. What you've been doing hasn't worked, WWWM, so maybe it's time to do something else. Like fuck some dude on the first date. Or if that's too drastic, fuck some dude on the second date. Or better yet, go to Somewhat Depressed Guy and say: "I don't think you want a relationship right now, and I'm not sure I do either. But I like you and trust you, and I could really use your help with something..."

While the commitment-and-monogamy-first approach has worked for some, WWWM, it hasn't worked for you. And being a virgin at 31 isn't boosting your self-esteem. There are lots of people out there who jumped in the sack and did a little dick-sticking with people they barely knew but had a good feeling about. The jumping/sticking/dicking approach doesn't always lead to committed and/or monogamous relationships, but it can and it has and it does.

Somewhat Depressed Guy might be somewhat less depressed if he was getting some, you might have higher self-esteem if you finally got some, and dispensing with your virginity might make dating after you part ways—if you part ways with him (you never know)—seem a lot less fraught.

I'm a virgin in my late 20s. I'm not waiting until marriage, just for the right person. I've dated enough and had enough fun to continue being a happy, normal, socially competent guy, much to the disbelief of my various knuckledragging, vagina-blinded pals. I've been dating this gal for a few months. She's special—we have tons of chemistry and she cares about me. We had a brief conversation about my

lack of sexperience when we first started dating, and she was very cool about it. I really like this girl, but I'm not sure yet if she's the future Mrs. I am a worrier (thanks, mom!), and I find myself thinking that if I share this with her and somewhere down the road we end up break-

ing up, she's going to be even more devastated because I shared my first time with her. Am I just having silly virgin worries? Not only am I concerned about her feelings if things don't work out, but I'm also concerned that I might become vagina-blinded—that I might immediately tell this girl I want to spend my life with her just because she's having sex with me only to find myself a few years down the

road feeling trapped. What should I do? Very Indecisive, Really Gettin' Naughty

You *should* fuck this girl already—provided, of course, that this girl wants to fuck you.

You could wind up saying things you come to regret or have to walk back—her vagina might be that bedazzling—but that's an unavoidable risk, and not one that's unique to virgins. The right vagina, ass, face, skill set, or bank balance can blind a fucker with decades of experience. The only way to avoid vagina-blindness—or ass-blindness, etc.—is to never have sex with anyone. And I don't think you're interested in celibacy, so stop freaking out about the risk that you'll imprint, duckling-like, on the first vagina your pee-pee sees the inside of.

You *must* also eliminate "sexperience" from your vocabulary, VIRGN, as it's equal parts cloying and annoying.

I've been with my boyfriend for more than a year. He's the first person I've had sex with. Four times now while we were having passionate sex, he has slipped out of my vagina and accidentally penetrated me anally. That shit hurts, and I can't help but cry. I know he feels super guilty each time. I love sex, but I'm kind of scared every time we have it now. We've engaged in a little anal play before, and I wasn't really a fan. But I'm not adverse to the idea of using a butt plug. Do you think this would work?

Wrong Hole, Anal Torment

My own personal sexperience with anal led me to doubt claims of accidental anal penetration, WHAT, as anal penetration always required focus, precision, and proper breathing techniques—in my own sexperience. But listeners of the *Savage Lovecast* schooled me in Episode 340, and I'm now convinced that accidental anal penetration is something too many women have sexperienced. (Do you see how annoying that is, VIRGN?)

A strategically deployed butt plug sounds like a sexcellent solution to the problem, WHAT, but get yourself a plug with a widerthan-usual base to prevent your boyfriend's misdirected cock from pushing the plug, base and all, all the way in you (ouch) or his misdirected cock from sliding in alongside the plug. (If you hate single penetration, you'll really hate double penetration.)

If the problem persists even with a plug—if your boyfriend's cock is constantly slamming into the plug in a way that you find uncomfortable—a thumbtack glued to the base of the plug will inspire your boyfriend to be more focused and precise.

And speaking of the *Savage Lovecast*, we're coming up on our 500th episode. If you're not already listening, find it here: savagelovecast.com. And a big thanks to Nancy Hartunian, the *Lovecast*'s producer since Episode 1, and to the tech-savvy, at-risk youth who pushed me to start podcasting before it was cool. ■

mail@savagelove.net @fakedansavage on Twitter













THE MOST POPULAR GUIDE TO THE SEATTLE INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

Issue Date: WEDNESDAY, MAY 18th

For over 20 years, The Stranger's guide to the Seattle International Film Festival has been the go-to resource for 150,000 filmgoers each year.

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THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

All the Events The Stranger Suggests This Week Find the complete calendar of things to do in Seattle at strangerthingstodo.com StrangerTTD Stranger Things To Do



Puget Soundtrack: Erin Jorgensen presents Daisies

DON'T MISS The young and beautiful stars of the 1966 surrealist Czech film Daisies. Jitka Cerhová (Marie I) and Ivana Karbanová (Marie II), date and dump older men, giggle a lot, eat a lot, walk around the city, get drunk and rowdy, play with each other in bed, and get philosophical about life and desire. They came from nowhere; they are going nowhere. They are happy to be here forever. What a lovely movie. Erin Jorgensen,

who will provide a live soundtrack for Daisies tonight, says it is like a page from her diary. (Northwest Film Forum, Sat May 7, 8 pm, \$15) CHARLES MUDEDE

We also recommend...

April and the Extraordinary World: SIFF Cinema Uptown, \$12

Captain America: Civil War: Various locations, opens Thurs May 5

Elvis & Nixon: Various locations **Everybody Wants Some!!:** Various locations

Eye in the Sky: Various locations **Green Room:** Various locations Julie Taylor's A Midsummer Night's Dream: SIFF Film Center, May 5-16, \$15 Men & Chicken: SIFF Cinema Uptown, opens Fri May 6, \$12

Midnight Special: SIFF Cinema Uptown Mommie Dearest in Hecklevision: Central Cinema, Sun May 8, 9:30 pm, \$9

My Golden Days: Northwest Film Forum, \$11, through May 5

Pali Road: Pacific Place **Purple Rain:** Various locations Seijun Suzuki Retrospective: Northwest

Film Forum, May 4 & 11, \$11

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

Writing for a Cause

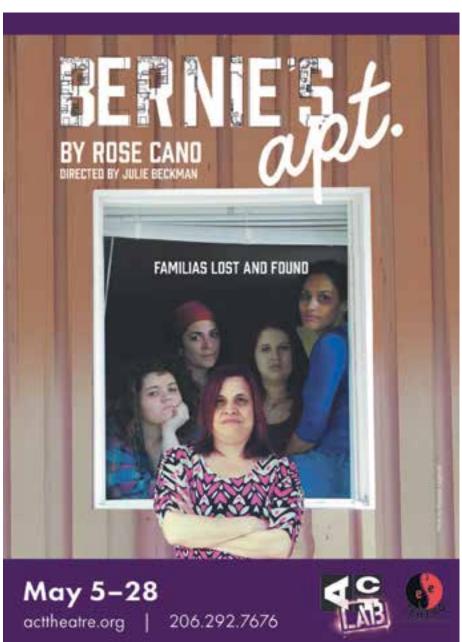
DON'T MISS There are lots of reasons to be fed up right now. Everything from Mayor Ed Murray's regressive plan for bike

infrastructure to police brutality to LGBTO discrimination to the inhumane treatment of Syrian refugees. One response to all the pain and injustice in the world is to curl up in a ball and fall down brain-numbing rabbit holes on YouTube. Another much more powerful response is to pick one of those injustices and write really, really well about it. But that's hard to do, especially if you feel like you're alone and writing in a vacuum. At Writing for a Cause, you won't feel that way. You'll get to hear how great local writers write about causes that are important to them, and also have time to start working on your own stuff. Former Seattle City Council member Nick Licata will read from his new book. Becoming a Citizen

Continued ▶







THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

Activist. Hugo House poet-in-residence Anastacia Tolbert will demonstrate how she transforms her political energy into powerful poetry, and writer Elissa Washuta will do the same with some creative nonfiction. Anne Focke-writer, activist, and founder of the alternative art gallery And/Or-will speak as well. (Hugo House, Wed May 4, 7-9 pm, free) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Brian Christian: Elliott Bay Book Company, Fri May 6, 7 pm, free

David Rolf: Town Hall, Tues May 10, 7:30 pm. \$5

Free Comic Book Day: Various locations,

Sat May 7, free Huge Book Sale: Seattle Center Exhibition

Hall, May 7-8, \$0.50-\$3 per book Seattle StorySLAM: Siblings: Fremont

Abbey, Thurs May 5, 8 pm, \$10 Silent Reading Party: Sorrento Hotel, Wed May 4, 6 pm, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

PERFORMANCE

Behind the Wheel: Life on the Metro Bus

DON'T MISS Stokley Towles's work is all about the humanity and complexity of Seattle's municipal systems. In the last several years, he's done performances about the sewer system, the garbage system, and the water system. This year, he's turned his attention to the bus system. Set on an actual (but stationary) Metro bus, Towles presents a sort of anti-TED Talk (unpretentious, lowtech, and actually meaningful) full of stories from the perspective of several Metro bus drivers he interviewed. The stories are incredible, and they reveal these bus drivers to be sages, tricksters, and masters of social interaction. One of the drivers even conceives of her position as a kind of riddle: "We work inside but we're always outside. We're sedentary but always traveling around. We see hundreds of people per day but nobody knows our names." Go hear Towles tell these stories of violence, compassion, and resilience. Go learn these peoples' names. (Metro Bus parked near 727 Bellevue Ave E. Thurs-Sat, \$15, through May 7) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Assassins: ACT Theatre, Wed-Sun, through

Collide-O-Scope: Lost Sock Memorial Day: Re-bar, Mon May 9, 6:45-10:15 pm, \$9 Comedy Nest Open Mic: Dina Hashem: Rendezvous, Tues May 10, 8 pm, \$5 The Gay Uncle Time: Rendezvous, Wed

May 4, 7 pm, \$6 My Name Is Asher Lev: New Century

Theatre Company at 12th Avenue Arts, Thurs-Mon, \$15-\$40, through May 21 Puny Humans: Annex Theatre, Thurs-Sat. 7:30 pm, \$18, through May 14

Spin the Bottle: Annex Theatre, Fri May 6, 11 pm, \$5/\$10

Stupid Fucking Bird: ACT Theatre, Wed-Sun, \$20-\$68, through May 8

The Things Are Against Us: Washington Ensemble Theatre at 12th Avenue Arts, Thurs-Sun, 7:30 pm, \$25, through May 16 Wine Shots: Comedy's Happiest Hour:

Rendezvous, Sun May 8, 8 pm, \$5 Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Unknown Landscapes

DON'T MISS In Zack Bent's subtle video Heavy Matter, the figures in their raincoats in the forest sometimes appear to be entirely still. To the sounds of the rain. they appear to consider the place around them, and the question of being alone or together. This understated, photo-based show of Seattle artists—also including Max Cleary, Serrah Russell, Candice Price, Hongzhe Liang, and curated by Erin Elyse Burns—captures the spellbinding way that the Pacific Northwest landscape draws a person outdoors only to send her back inside herself again. Megumi Shauna Arai's installation depicts her undergoing a body ritual whose nature only she knows. She titled the piece Osore, the Japanese mountain nicknamed "the gateway to hell." (North Seattle College Art Gallery, Mon-Fri, free, through May 6) JEN GRAVES

We also recommend...

ART EVENTS

Complex Exchange: Media | Representation: Seattle Art Museum, Wed May 4, 7-9 pm, free

First Thursday Art Walk: Pioneer Square, Thurs May 5, free

Mindfulness Meditation at the Frye: Frye Art Museum, Wed May 4, 12:30 pm, free

MUSEUMS

Bevond Aztlán: Mexican and Chicana/o Artists in the Pacific Northwest: Museum of Northwest Art, La Conner, daily, free, through June 12

The Atomic Frontier: Black Life in Hanford, WA: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through May 22

The Brink: Jason Hirata: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through June 26

The Duchamp Effect: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through Aug 14

Emblems of Encounter: Europe and Africa Over 500 Years: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, ongoing

James Turrell's Light Reign: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10

Journey to Dunhuang: Buddhist Art of the Silk Road Caves: Asian Art Museum. Wed-Sun, \$9, through June 12 Kehinde Wiley: A New Republic: Seattle

Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through May 8 Martha Rosler: Below the Surface: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through July 4

Mood Indigo: Textiles From Around the World: Asian Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$9, through Oct 9

Paul McCarthy: White Snow, Wood Sculptures: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through Sept 11

Posing Beauty in African American Culture: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through Sept 4

Six Weeks, in Time: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through May 8

Victoria Haven: Blue Sun: Olympic Sculpture Park, free, through March 2017 Young Blood: Frye Art Museum, Tues-Sun,

free, through June 19

GALLERIES

Aaron Huffman: Retrospective: Pettirosso, free, through May 5

Andrea Joyce Heimer & Justin Duffus: Linda Hodges Gallery, opening reception Thurs May 5, 6-8 pm, free, through May 28



1 Streetcar Stop @ Broadway and E Denny

Broadway and E Denny Way

Celebrate the opening of the First Hill Streetcar with a onenight only visual arts installation. Passers-by can contribute
to paint-by-number style panels designed by Urban ArtWorks, with assistance available from youth involved with
Urban ArtWorks. Completed panels will be donated to the community. 6-9pm. Sponsored by Capitol Hill Chamber of Commerce and SDOT.

2 Streetcar Stop @ E. Pike and Broadway Broadway & E Pike St Celebrate the First Hill Streetcar opening with fun interactive performances 6-9pm. Just Sage shares theatrical active performances 6-9pm. Just Sage shares theatrical comedic magic under the guise of one of his most popular characters, Winston Winthrop. Streetshowkeith performs juggling, feats of dexterity, and prestitidigitation: a spectacle of crowd interaction. Poet William Curtis writes poems on a topic of your choice. Contortionist clown Vega Bonita specializes in ribbon dances, bendy balancing, and confetting the property of Company. kisses. Sponsored by Capitol Hill Chamber of Commerce and SDOT

3 Asian Art Museum 1400 E. Prospect St. 206-654-3100

www.seattleartmuseum.org
Mood Indigo: Textiles From Around the World honors the unique ability of the color blue to create many moods in cloth. From the sultry darkness of midnight to the vitality of a bright sky, come let the myriad blues in their multipli forms surround you. Free admission during Art Walk.

810 E. Roy St. 206-324-0407

www.joebar.org
A series of paintings by Jean Nagai using a meditative dot process by which the sum of many individual dots accumulate into one larger whole. Using identifiable symbols, the landscape of the pacific northwest as sources for imagery, the simple abstractions can be read in multiple ways and examine the ideas of growth, time and war that are still present in our culture.

507 E Mercer

www.templeofcairo.com

6 Center of Contemporary Art (CoCa) 515 Harvard Ave E 206-728-1980

www.cocaseattle.org "CoCA Pop-Up (AR)t" Book Release Party & Exhibition. 6-9pm. Similar to a traditional pop-up book, 3-dimensional versions of featured artists' work will spring to life as the viewer turns each page. Instead of elaborate paper cutouts, Augmented Reality (AR) will allow the viewer to see the artwork in three dimensions on their mobile device.

7 Kismet Salon and Spa 512 Broadway E. 206-860-0323

Salonkismet.com
Skip Kerr, a former staff photographer for the Seattle Sun, spent a day with iconic musician and actor Tom Waits in 1975 before his performance at the Paramount Theater. This black & white exhibit showcases a young Tom Waits in and about Seattle. A must for Tom Waits fans!

219 Broadway E. 206-328-4604

www.americanaseattle.com
Featuring Photography by Lucinda Diann

9 Artful Dodger Tattoo & Comics 1715 East Olive Way 206-323-4657

adtoseattle.com
Artful Dodger Tattoo & Comics opens it's doors for Capitol
Hill Arts Walk to display Sci-Fy/Space Fantasy art made by
our own ADTC Team! Come in for art, libations, and free vintage arcade games!

10 Dendroica Gallery

1718 East Olive Way, Suite A

www.dendroicagallery.com
Presenting "NEW GAMS FOR A GODDESS," a show of mixed media artwork by Russell C. Smith. Open until 9p for Art Walk. Regular hours are 12–6pm Th/F, 12–5pm Sat/Sun.

11 Anex Aerial Arts

apexaerialarts.com Featuring the multimedia work of Miha Sarani and Goldie Jones! Come between 6-7pm to catch Aerial Yoga demonstrations by our fantastic staff members. Have a glass of wine, enjoy the art, meet the staff & learn more about all of our upcoming classes, events & workshops.

504 E. Denny Way 206-832-6063

ghostgalleryart.com
Run Race Ragged: Three Takes on Racial Politics in America
by Yoona Lee. "Race in America is a sprawling, messy
topic. By using 3 different approaches: large-scale abstract
painting, mixed-media conceptual collage, and figurative
drawing, I seek to address the intellectual and visceral experience of being a minority in a deeply polarized country." perience of being a minority in a deeply polarized country.' 5–9pm, Wine Tasting and Jewelry Sale!

13 Chroma Cloud Gallery at Beyo 1550 E Olive Way 206-859-2757

beyondvape.comFuture: May: Adam One June: The art of Cult Gnar and Joseph Mcsween.

14 Broadcast Coffee

1623 Bellevue Ave. 206-467-4717

broadcastcoffee.com Faces of Friends: Photography by Matthew Bodaly. Artist

Reception 5-8pm

15 BH Real Estate Group and Jenn Andrea Photog-

320 East Pine Street #110 www.BrianHuie.com

Featuring hand-carved copper pieces by JoAnn Nelson that evoke aging and the weathering of time. JoAnn draws much inspiration from horses, which she describes as magnificent beings.

16 The Pine Box 1600 Melrose Ave 206-588-0375

www.pineboxbar.com

Seattle Beer Week 2016 Label & Logo Art Retrospective! This month we find ourselves back in celebration of all things beer, hands cupped in prayer around the all mighty pint. Join us for a brew and a look at this years' label and logo plus the past seven years of local draft beer design.

Thur the 12th marks the first day of this 10-day extravagan-za. We'll be pouring the official SBW beer from Rueben's Brews & will be hosting awesome events all week long.

17 Glasswing Shop

17 diasswing Shop 1525 Melrose Ave 206-641-7646 glasswingshop.com Feat. a trunk show with local brands This is Lu and Prairie Underground, 6-9PM! This is Lu and Prairie Underground are brands based in Seattle, run by talented women at the helm. Both brands will be debuting new pieces for Spring/ Summer 16' and showing classics from seasons past.

18 Art Primo 415 E Pine St 206-365-4083

RIDING DIRTY: a freight and trackside showcase. Ridin' Dirty brings the train yard inside and onto the walls with more than 50 custom hand-painted trains from some of the rails' most recognizable international names:from across the U.S. as well as Asia, Mexico, Europe and Canada. 6-9pm.

19 True Love Art Gallery 1525 Summit Ave. E. 206-227-3572

www.trueloveart.com
Queen Bitch: A show of Dolls, Puppets, & Sculpture, curated by Kook Teflon. Queen Bitch is that fierce person that lights your fire, burns your heart ablaze with their exuberant spirits n' filthy ways. Music by DJ Maxx Destrukt. 6–10pm.

20 Summit Arts at First Covenent 420 E Pike St. 206-322-7411

www.firstcovenantseattle.org
Group exhibit by local artists relating to the themes of "Community. Boundaries. Spaces. Extending the Welcome. Neighbors." Join us from 6–9pm to meet the artists and enjoy some tasty treats & beverages!

500 E. Pike St.

ediesshoes.com Eclipse: New black & white ink drawings by Seattle artist Stasia Burrington. Come by during Art Walk, 5-7pm. Curated by Ghost Gallery.

22a Rudy's Barbershop 614 E Pine St. 206-329-3008

rudysbarbershop.com

Stop by Rudy's to view rad digital artwork by Kate Straube and rad paintings by Tamara Thomson. Party on from 7–10pm!

22b Stumptown Coffee

stumptowncoffee.com Presenting MORE POLAROID DRAWINGS by Brandon Vosikal "A good deal of my work forms around things that I find funny and most of the real good bits come from pointless drawings and spur of the moment pairings." Artist Reception 5–7pm.

1617 Boylston Ave. 206-981-7202

www.creativeblueprint.ca
Open House and Open Studios 5-8PM: View Capitol Hill's newest shared artist space! We're a collaborative, cre community; come learn more!

701 E Pike St. 206-323-0207

thestandardgoods.com
"Wasting film is lame. And somewhere, a unicorn dies for your mistake." Seattle Photographer, Levinta Eugeniu:
Shooting analog is key to my aesthetic. My inspiration is rooted in the human body, interconnectedness, and man's relationship with nature.

25 Saint John's Bar and Eatery 719 E. Pike St. 206-245-1390

www.saintjohnsseattle.com Jazz Mom is a Seattle-based mixed media street artist, creative consultant, and catcher of dreamz. Raised by a strong single mother & mentor, she is constantly drawn to the notion of divinity and a search for that which is beyond

26 Refresh Frozen Desserts & Espresso 1620 Broadway, Suite 100D 206-324-2517

www.refreshdesserts.com
LOVE, AIM. is a series of collages by Bay Area/Seattle-based Amalia Aquino. The series is an exploration of
what the human form could become - dynamic but consumed, confident yet monstrous, beautiful & playful. More
at www.loveaim.com. Live Music by DJ Pho Sho!

900 E Pine St. 206-322-7455 www.sugarpillseattle.com

1527 10th Ave 206-402-4515

nubegreen.com
Crafty demos by local duo Half Japan Goods & CATDAD
Jewels. Yuri Loudon will be hand sewing/dying her one of a
kind leather goods and Joel Cuplin will be adventure beading his colorful vintage necklaces! Also feat. work by Virginia
Hungate-Hawk, surprise prints and DJ set by local artists.

818 E. Pike St. 206-397-3564

www.capitolcider.com
Drink and Draw: Use free drawing supplies to sketch live
models, 7-8:30pm. A live model will be onstage along with
a Gage drawing instructor. We provide materials; watch the artists at work or try your hand at creating your very own masterpiece! Live music to follow

901 E. Pike St. 206-720-2054 ¬†

www.framecentral.com Unhinged: a group exhibition. Each of these artists are connected through their day job of framing. They bring together a wide range of disciplines, forming a group with a wide variety of styles and aesthetics. Reception 5–9pm.

31 Steve Gilbert Photo Studio 1418 Broadway 206-734-7330

gilbertphoto.com Featuring an exhibition by John Hawkley.

905 E Pike St. 206-324-4092

www.ineedretailtherapy.com "Campaign in Contrast" is a personal photography project documenting, in bold black and white, the spectacle of a starkly polarized 2016 presidential election. The majority of the work remains unpublished, but select images have been

Take this complete map & guide with you to the



published by national and international publications.

33 New Tomorrow

New Tomorrow hosts a collection of work from up and coming artists in the Pacific Northwest! 6–9pm.

34 Out of the Closet Thrift Store 1016 E. Pike St. 206-307-4537

outofthecloset.org
Featuring Art by Michael C. Wesner! 5pm Live Lounge
Music with Steven Martinelli, 6pm Live Hip Hop with ad
foll and Captaincy.

1005 E. Pike St. 206-709-4440

www.caffevita.com
A collaborative show exploring dimensions of memory and sensory space via displaced monochrome landscapes by Photographer Hannah B. Delon, plus synaesthetic psychedelic colorscapes by Printmaker/painter Natali Wiseman.

36 Art Walk Awards at Sole Repair Shop 1001 E. Pike St.

cityartsonline.com
Help select the top artworks this Spring! Three guest judges explore neighborhood art walks throughout the city to select nine exhibited artworks as finalists. The Art Walk Awards celebrate the finalists and attendees at the event choose the winners. RSVP by 3pm Wed 5/11. http://spring-awa.eventbrite.com

e Factory

1216 10th Ave. facebook.com/TheFactorySeattle

Andrew Schultz makes drawings and paintings that focus on human bodies and the space they take in nature, queerness, nudity, and solitude.

37b Eclectic Theater Company 1214 10th Ave

Stop by our lounge during Art Walk from 5-7:30PM! Our featured play, Shooting Star by Steven Dietz, begins at 7:30p.

39 Studio Paradiso 1000 East Madison, ste B

www.studioparadiso.org
IMPULSO: A debut exhibition of new sculptures by Argen-IMPULSO: A debut exhibition of new sculptures by Arger tinian-born artist Jeremias Lentini. IMPULSO: "Intense de sire that compels one to take unexpected action, without concern of the consequences." 5–10pm

40 Photo Center NW 900 12th Ave 206-720-7222

Pernw.org
Riffs: acclaimed makers working in jewelry, ceramics, painting, and sculpture are brought together with photographic practitioners, to engage in dialogue, inspiration, and improvisation. A selection of notes, sketches, and works-in-progress resulting from the group's interaction will be exhibited.

1100 12th Ave Watercolor Bin Sale: featuring great quality watercolors

by an eclectic group of painters. Artists include April by an eclecitic globp of painters. Arists include April Ferry, Jonelle Johnson, Suze Woolf, Kate Barber, Kate Dougherty and more. This one evening event is being held during Seattle Academy's Student Arts Show: come and enjoy both shows. Appetizers and beverages will be served. 4–8pm.

42 The Growl Store 1222 E Madison St 206-726-1000 Displaying colorful art from Sarah Ghanooni. Impressions of color and movement inspired and influenced by Monet, Van Gogh, and Picasso. Until 8p

43a Bluebird Microcre

1205 E. Pike St. 206-588-1079 www.bluebirdseattle.com
End Art Walk with ice cream, espresso & draft beverages
at Bluebird! Happy Hour from 9–10pm, \$1 off all housemade beers!

43b HyBrid Space 1205 E. Pike Street Suite 2D 206-267-9277

www.hybridarc.com
Ink & Drink: A Pop-Up Temporary Tattoo Event! Design,
print & apply your own tattoo (temporarily). All are
welcome to share stories of what inspired their creation and chat with others about their more permanent physical masterpieces. Artwork of local tattoo artists will also be on display along with drinks and refreshments.

44 Cafe Pettirosso 1101 E Pike St. 206-324-2233

pettirossoseattle.com Featuring Dominic Lewis DeFilippo. Self taught, Pacific

Northwest-raised artist working mostly in pen and ink. Sometimes charcoal. Always dark.

Christine Olson, Acrylic on canvas & wood. Christine's

45 Retrofit Home 1103 E. Pike St. 206-568-4663 ww.retrofithome.com

critistine Oisori, Acrylic on carrias a wood. Critistine's gorgeous, vibrant color combinations and serene imaginary landscapes cannot fail to draw you in. Color maste beauty and balance are what she strives to achieve in each piece. Opening reception 5-10p.

1111 E. Pike St. 206-784-2990 www.cupcakeroyale.com Colleen Louise Barry presents Saturn Returns, a challenging durational comics project that offers a portrait of a person at a pivotal moment in life with a single comic strip

made for each day of the artist's 27th year. 47 Northwest Film Forum

1515 12th Ave 206-329-2629

www.nwfilmforum.org
Electonomicon: Footage of our 2016 presidential candidates mashed with agit-prop films, heavy-metal music videos, surrealist movies, and the occult with psychedelic musical undertones. Wander around, grab a drink, hang out in the lobby. Curated by Amber Cortes, videos live mixed by Edward Wolcher. 5–8pm.

48 Vermi





1508 11th Ave. 206-709-9797

WWW.Vermillionseattle.com
WOMEN ON THE BRINK, curated by Tracy Rector. Multidisciplinary group show that explores the idea of edges, borders and boundaries. Curated by filmmaker and arts advocate, Tracy Rector, the show includes installation, film, photography, visual art, music, and literary arts. Performances 6-9pm.

49 Blue Cone Studio

Join us for new and ongoing works in a variety of mediums by studio artists Carolyn Hitt, Meagan Hall, Thomas Wade, Jeremy Decory, Ashley Nicholas, Annalise Olsen, Natalie Dupille, Alexandrew Wong and Roberto Hernandez. Look for the Blue Cone!

1620 12th Ave.

Art walk Happy Hour 5-6pm! Beverages available at our Jobby bar while you enjoy the upstairs gallery featuring painter Heather Stadler's "SEA LIFE" series and painter Jewels Foster's "RAINY DAYS" series. Both are vivid colorists with a bend toward the fantastic.

1318 B E. Pine St. 206-568-3545

www.anasadion.com Featuring Dana Moodey, a local multi-media collage artist. Regional inspirations including nautical works incorporating pen ink and colored tissue paper.

1408 E. Pine St. 206-322-9463

www.pocowineroom.com
Paintings & drawings by Don Farrell. Highly detailed, imaginative representational works depicting mysterious

& fantastic subject matter, inspired by a variety of cultures & traditions. Happy Hour 4-6:30pm.

53 Calvote Galler

1107 E Denny Way #A2

calyptesings.tumblr.com Rachel Maxi, "A Slice Of Maxi Art In All Its Variations". Abstract paintings, some small signature pieces; oysters, cigarettes, locks; photographs, painted coffee cups (sculpture), and ceramic cups. 5:30–8:30pm.

54 Artist Trust 1835 12th Ave 206-467-8734

www.artisttrust.org Get free help on your Grants for Artists Projects applica-Offering answers to questions and feedback on draft applications. To guarantee an appt, please register beforehand: www.slottr.com/sheets/940912. Can't register? Drop in anyway to talk about grants!

55 InArtsNW

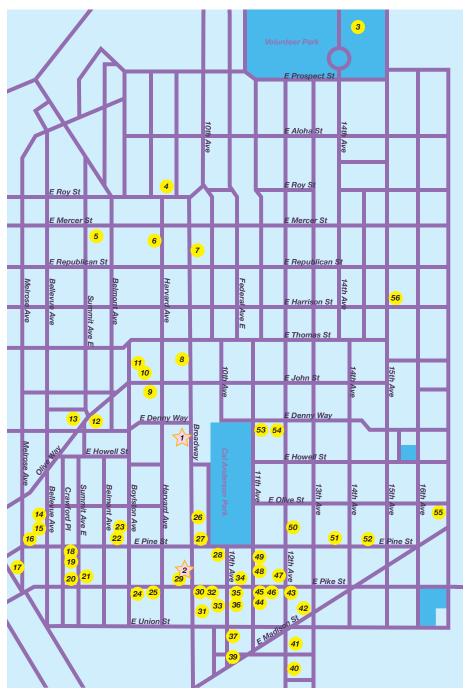
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THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

Brandon Aleson: New Work: Punch Gallery, Thurs-Sat, free, through May 28 Christopher Shaw: Mending: Martyr Sauce, Mon-Sat by appointment, free, through May 22

Cris Bruch and Anders Bergstrom: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through May

Gala Bent: G. Gibson Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through June 11

Henrik Plenge Jakobsen: Deep Space Ornamentation: INCA, Wed-Sat, free, through May 14

Homeless: The Street and Other Venues:

The New Foundation Seattle, Thurs-Sat, free, through May 28

Imagined Futures: Science Fiction, Art, and Artifacts from the Paul G. Allen Family Collection: Pivot Art + Culture. Tues-Sun, \$5, through July 10

Kamrooz Aram: James Harris Gallery, free, through May 14

Klara Glosova: Caddy Shack: Glass Box Gallery, opening Reception Thurs May 5, 7-10 pm, free, through May 28

Like Mother: Magnuson Park Gallery, Thurs-Sat, free, through May 28

Matika Wilbur: Project 562: The Hibulb Cultural Center and Natural History Preserve, Tulalip, Tues-Sun, \$10, through June

Nathan DiPietro: Artificial Worlds:

Woodside/Braseth Gallery, opening reception Thurs May 5, 5:30-8:30 pm, free, through May 31

Orchids That Look Good in Bad Lighting: Interstitial, Sat, free, through May 22

Riffs: Photographic Center Northwest, Sat-Thurs, free, through June 15

Seán Slemon: Captured: Mariane Ibrahim Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through May 8 Susan Dory: Micromega: Winston Wachter Fine Art, Mon-Sat, free, through

Unsettled~Resettled: Seattle's Hunt Hotel: Japanese Cultural and Community Center of Washington, Mon-Fri, free

Xavier Toubes: PushMoon2: Figures with Shadows: James Harris Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through May 14

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FOOD & DRINK

May 7

Yalla Pop-Up

DON'T MISS Chef Taylor Cheney has an impressive résumé, having worked in the kitchens at MistralKitchen and the Harvest Vine (as well as the dearly departed La Bete, Licorous, and Lampreia). More importantly, she's also spent significant amounts of time in Egypt, studying and immersing herself in the country's cuisine. On Mondays, Chenev is taking over Capitol Hill's Marjorie with Yalla (it means "Let's go!" in Arabic), her Middle Eastern pop-up featuring dishes such as mutabal (charred eggplant with yogurt, tahini, and pomegranate), tabbouleh, maftoul (braised chicken with chicknea stew and couscous), and even a Moroccan mint tea julep. The cost is \$50, and reservations are accepted but not required. (Marjorie, Mon May 9, \$50, ongoing) ANGELA GARBES

We also recommend...

\$10 Pizza Mondays: Cafe Lago, Mon May

Bacon and Beer Classic: Safeco Field, Sat May 7, \$59-\$109

Caviar Tasting: Seattle Caviar Company, Thurs May 5, 5-7 pm, \$30

Chocolate Happy Hour: Chocolopolis,

Thurs May 5, 5-9 pm, free

Free Wine on 15th: European Vine Selec-

tions, Sat May 7, 3-6 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at Champion Wine Cellars: Champion Wine Cellars, Sat May 7,

12-5 pm, free Free Wine Tasting at DeLaurenti: DeLau-

renti, Sat May 7, 2-4 pm, free Guest Chef Night: Brian Gojdics: Fare-

Start, Thurs May 5, 5:30-8 pm, \$29.95 Happy Hour at the Swedish Club: Swedish Cultural Center, Fri May 6, 5-10:30 pm, \$5 beer and wine

Oyster Rama: Hama Hama Company, Lilliwaup, Sat May 7, 11 am-4 pm, \$15

Sunday Pig Roast: Bell + Whete, Sun May 8. 5 pm. \$24 per person

Taco Wednesdays: Roanoke Park Place Tavern, \$1 each, Wed May 4, 4 pm-2 am Wine Wednesdays: LloydMartin, Wed May

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Kentucky Derby Fundraiser

DON'T MISS There's only one way to watch the Kentucky Derby, and that's with a giant frilly hat like you're Audrey freakin' Hepburn in My Fair Lady. CHEER Seattle is throwing a big old-fashioned down-home country-fancy fundraiser to benefit the Sparkle Effect, which provides cheerleading opportunities to kids with disabilities. Arrive early for happy hour (noon to 1 pm), and then stick around for the race, a silent auction, a baked-goods sale, a bourbon drawing, appetizers described as "heavy," and a hat contest, all accompanied by the talented fingers of DJ Sean the Shaman. Bonus points if you show up in your ponyplay gear, neighhhhh. (OutWest, Sat May 7, 12-4 pm, \$30)

MATT BAUME

We also recommend...

ARTHAUS: Un-natural Disasters: Kremwerk, Sat May 7, 7 pm

Bearaoke: Cuff, Tues May 10, 8 pm, free,

Cuff Country Fridays: Cuff, Fri May 6, 7 pm, free, 21-

DJ Night: Cuff, May 6-7, free, 21+ He's a Rebel: Pony, Wed May 4 I Hate Karaoke: Pony, Tues May 9, 9 pm,

Junk Yard: Can Can, Thurs May 5, 9:30 pm, \$30/\$40, through Oct 27

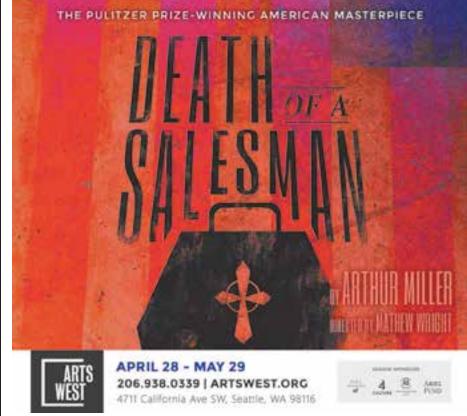
Mimosas with Mama Special Mother's Day Show: Narwhal, Sun May 8, 1 pm, \$25 Rainy City Rubber Men Meetup: Seattle Eagle Tavern, Fri May 6, 9 pm-2 am, free Robbie Turner's Playground: R Place, Wed May 4, midnight, free

RuPaul's Drag Race Viewing Parties with Robbie Turner: R Place, Mon May 9, 7 pm, free

Wildrose Karaoke: Wildrose, Wed May 4,

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com







11 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Sunday, May 8









THINGS TO DOCINCO DE

Find even more Cinco de Mayo events at strangerthingstodo.com.

COMMUNITY

Cinco de Mayo Block Party

Green Lake's 12th annual block party will have activities like a jalapeño eating contest, many authentic Mexican foods, margarita bar drink specials, an outdoor beer garden, performances, and more. Tacos Guaymas, Thurs May 5, 1 pm-2 am, \$10.

El Centro de la Raza's 11th Annual Cinco de Mayo Celebration

This free, open-to-the-public celebration includes children's activities, craft and informational booths, traditional food, and live music by Folklore Mexicano Tonantzin, Sealth Mariachi, and Seattle Fandango. Jefferson Community Center, Sat May 7, 12-4 pm, free.

FOOD & DRINK

418 Public House

Celebrate in upper Ballard with \$6.50 El Jimador shots with a pint of Modelo Especial. and \$20 buckets of five Mexican beers. 418 Public House, Thurs May 5, 4 pm-2 am, free.

Cinco de Mayo on Madison St

Two Doors Down and The BottleNeck Lounge will celebrate Cinco de Mayo with a special selection of food and drinks including homemade tortilla chips, habanero cider, and scratch-made margaritas. Two Doors Down, Thurs May 5, 4-11:30 pm.

!Fiesta 5k Ole!

Before you sample tacos from the 20+ food trucks that will be at 107.7 The End's Taco Truck Challenge, burn off the calories at this 5k that starts and ends in Volunteer Park. Your race bib entitles you to free admission to the beer and margarita garden, live music from two bands, and one free drink. Volunteer Park, Sat May 7, 9:30 am, \$35.

La Carta de Oaxaca

Drink specials include \$5 margaritas and micheladas and a \$5 food menu. La Carta de Oaxaca, Thurs May 5, 5 pm-close.

Little Water Cantina

Celebrate Cinco de Mayo and Little Water Cantina's 5th anniversary simultaneouslythey offer \$5 agave tequila shots, drink specials, and live music by The Black Crabs. Little Water Cantina, Thurs May 5, 11:30 am.

Mexico Cantina y Cocina

All week long, the Mexico Cantina y Cocina will have food and drink specials, including special beer and tequila pairings. Mexico Cantina, Through May 5.

Outlander Brewery and Pub

One dollar from every beer will go towards an upcoming bilingual production of Federico García Lorca's classic play Blood Wedding. They promise piñatas, adult coloring, tarot card readings, live music, and a raffle with tempting prizes. Outlander Brewery and Pub, Thurs May 5, 5 pm-1 am.

Suite

Expect "south of the border drink and food specials" all afternoon and evening, including deals on Sauza Tequila, as well as giveaways, dancing, and a DJ. Suite Lounge, Bellevue, Thurs May 5, 3 pm-1 am, free.

Summit Pub

Summit Pub will have tequila and drink specials all night, frozen margaritas, and free al pastor tacos with a drink purchase. Summit

Public House, Thurs May 5, 4 pm, free.

Tin Dog Brewing

This annual party promises "Beermojitos" (beer infused with mint and lime), tacos from Muy Macho, and live music. Tin Dog Brewing, Thurs May 5, 4 pm.

TRACE

TRACE offers tequila tasting flights from Teguila Avion, festive cocktails like the Mango Fire Margarita, a special Cinco de Mayo menu, and Latin-inspired beats by DJ Cide. TRACE, Thurs May 5, 4-10 pm.

Treehouse Lounge

Treehouse Lounge is offering a \$15 special that includes a 9x12 canvas (for a mysterious artistic competition!), a taco plate, and a pint of Dos Equis. Treehouse Lounge, Thurs May 5, 4-10 pm

Villa Escondida

Beloved Belltown Mexican restaurant will serve up food and El Jimador drinks, all set to a soundtrack of Latin dance music from DJ Julio Yanez. Villa Escondida. Thurs May 5. 5 pm-midnight.

MUSIC

Banda Vagos

Legendary Seattle group Banda Vagos bring over 15 years of experience to the Royal Room. The Royal Room, Thurs May 5, 8 pm,

Cinco de Mayo Boat Party

Celebrate on a moving vehicle, with a full bar, two dance floors, three DJs, outside decks, and drink specials. The Islander Yacht, Sat May 7, 9:30 pm, \$20-\$50.

Cinco de Mayo at Cha Cha

Cha Cha will have music and drink specials all night long. Cha Cha Lounge, Thurs May 5, 4 pm-2 am, free.

Cinco de Mayo with DJ Fred **Eddison**

Celebrate with music by DJ Fred Eddison, plus tequila and margarita specials all night. El Chupacabra, Thurs May 5, 10 pm-1 am.

Cinco de Mayo at Sur 16

Sur 16's dance party offers the chance to dance salsa, bachata, merengue, and cumbia, with live music and Latin American street food. Sur 16, Thurs May 5, 6 pm.

Cinco de Mayo at Tia Lou's

Expect two dance rooms with Latin music, \$2 happy hour wells, a live set from Artefakto, DJs, and more. Tia Lou's, Thurs May 5, 10 pm, Free/\$5.

El Vez

Hispanic heartthrob El Vez will play a live show on the roof deck of Mezcaleria Oaxaca. Prepare yourself for some hip-shaking, earth-quaking, all-around boozy Mex-Americana party vibes. Mezcaleria Oaxaca, Thurs May 5, 5 pm, \$5.

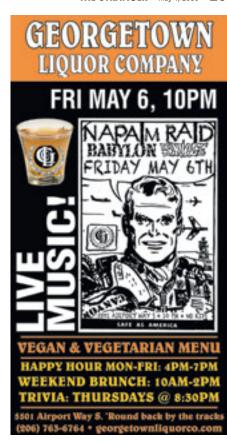
Locarno

Locarno, the Mexican-Canadian identity project from Tom Landa, will bring mixedgenre folk roots vibes, jarana stylings, and tracks from the Son Jarcho repertoire. Triple Door, Thurs May 5, 7:30 pm, \$20.

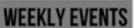
Los Buhos

Celebrate with the Latin music stylings of Los Buhos. Agua Verde Cafe and Paddle Club, Thurs May 5, 3-5 pm, free.







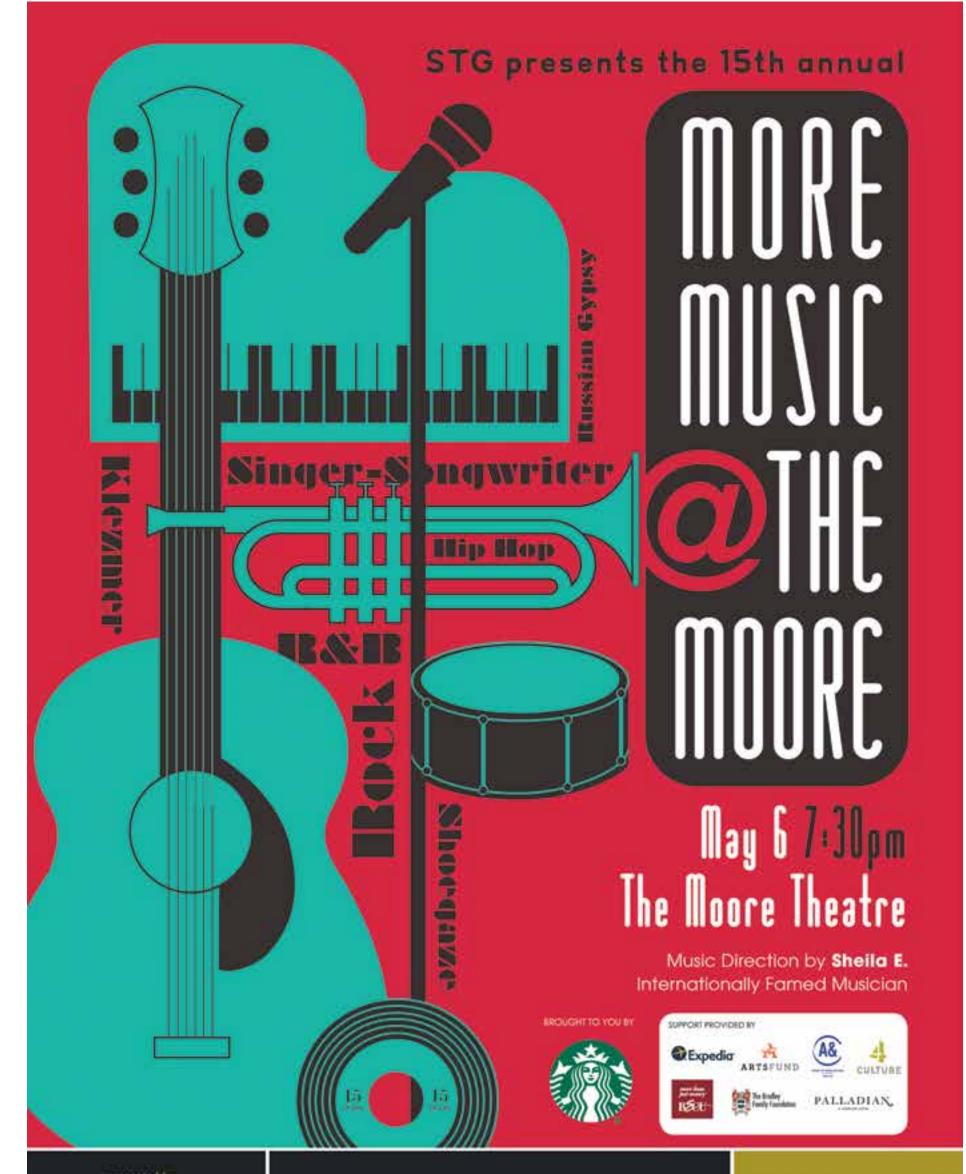


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THICS TO DO MUSIC Noteworthy Shows This Week





WEDNESDAY 5/4

Joev DeFrancesco Trio

(Jazz Alley, all ages) It was in an early American Splendor anthology, as I recall, where legendary crank and jazz fanatic Harvey Pekar spat out that DownBeat had sent him another organ record to review. And organ records were just beneath contempt. Not worthy of a single breath or keystroke. Pekar died before I could ask him about Joey DeFrancesco, who (among others) redeems the organ, if it needed redemption. Mr. D has got the chops, intuition, rich phrasing, a deep understanding of what his Hammond B3 can accomplish if pushed, and for sprinkles on top, he might break out a trumpet or break into song. He was 17 when he joined Miles Davis's group. He won't be here forever—just like Harvey Pekar. ANDREW HAMLIN

Beach House, Skyler Skjelset

(Paramount, all ages) You know that feeling when you listen to music that many people you respect love, but which leaves vou feeling emptier than the most devout Zen Buddhist's meditating mind? That's how I feel when tuning in to the mild, somnorific frequencies of Beach House, Linevitably wonder why I don't just put on a record by Mazzy Star, Broadcast, Cowboy Junkies, or

Moiave 3 instead. Trouble is, Beach House's subdued, dreamy tune-swirls droop with an elegant torpor. They lack the spark of adventure or the poised gravitas of the aforementioned artists, which relegates their output to the status of pleasant soundtracking for moping or shopping for accessories at Urban Outfitters. But Beach House's popularity helps Sub Pop to sign bands like Shabazz Palaces, Heron Oblivion, and the Gotobeds, so, uh, it's cool. DAVE **SEGAL**

THURSDAY 5/5

Abdullah Ibrahim, Ekaya

(Jazz Alley, May 5-8, all ages) Abdullah Ibrahim, sometimes known as Dollar Brand, began life as Adolph Johannes Brand in South Africa's Cape Town. Over a 60-year career at the piano (with some sax and cello thrown in for good measure), he's pulled in influences ranging from bebop to classical to the particulars of Cape Town music—although just as Todd Rundgren can't forsake Philly soul and Ran Blake can't leave behind gospel tropes, Ibrahim never, under any name, stopped calling out to transcendence, under a variety of handles. He's performing his new master plan Senzo, a Japanese word meaning "ancestor" and also a word for "creator" in the African Sotho language spoken by Ibrahim's father. Through the

ancestors, to the creator, with a mediumsized jazz ensemble and a sensibility tuned to the beyond. ANDREW HAMLIN

The Body, the Rita, WORKDEATH, Gordon Ashworth, Anteinferno

(Highline) No One Deserves Happiness—and no one gets it, at least for very long—on the tellingly-titled latest album from selfflagellating Portland-way-of-Providence noise duo the Body. "What is hell?" asks singer/guitarist Chip King on "Starving Deserter," his pained screech suggestive of a man only parting with his words because they're being tortured out of him. "A drive to perish / To feel nothing... To close a coffin lid with no remorse." Well, we'd argue hell is a world without kittens, but we get your point, dude. Still, Happiness isn't devoid of hope: There are, dare we say, some pretty stirring moments here when Assembly of **Light singer Chrissy Wolpert contributes** gorgeous, ghostly vocals that float above riffs as thick and sticky as wet cement, and by album's end, King is inviting a special someone into his heart. Hey, there's plenty of room in there. JASON BRACELIN

Medical Records Presents: Ian Hicks, Roladex, Qoqo Roboqs, DJ Dr. Troy, DJ Sharlese, DJ Vi

(FRED Wildlife Refuge) Since 2010, Medical Records has been reissuing crucial old

synth-based records and championing new electronic acts that work in the minimalwave/synth-pop/industrial veins. (Disclosure: I've written liner notes for Medical.) Label boss Dr. Troy is also an accomplished DJ, and now he's branching out into show promotion with this event, Roladex— Seattle-via-Texas synthesist/vocalists Elyssa Dianne and Tyler Jacobsen—are adept acolytes of the sort of bleak, ice-water-inveins synth pop that made the early 1980s such a vitally grim time to be alive. Their 2014 debut LP for Medical, Anthems for the Micro-Age, pushes those Magnetic Fields and Fad Gadget buttons with tunes perfectly poised between perky and glum. Ian Hicks was half of Portland synth-pop charmers Soft Metals, whose two albums on Captured Tracks from 2011 and 2013 possess the sort of sweeping, suavely percolating compositions that make you feel about 10 times more cosmopolitan and romantic than you actually are. Hicks's deft way with clipped. danceable rhythms and heart-swelling melodies should serve him well in his solo endeavors. **DAVE SEGAL**

Spyn Reset, Klozd Sirkut, SAMPO

(High Dive) Seattle's Spyn Reset consist of three monstrously talented players who forge a maximalist agglomeration of electronic funk, prog rock, and space jazz that ideally

Continued ▶

NEUMOS — COMING UP NEXT—

SATURDAY 5/7
VAUDEVILLE ETIQUETTE
MASZER + TYLER EDWARDS

WEDNESDAY 5/11
MODERN ENGLISH
UNDERPASS + LUNCH

THURSDAY 5/12
THE THERMALS
WIMPS + DUDE YORK

SUNDAY 5/15
WHITEY MORGAN
+ CODY JINKS
TONY MARTINEZ

TUESDAY 5/17
HARRY POTTER TRIVIA

5:30PM & 8:30PM

THURSDAY 5/19 HARPS

ANDREW JOSLYN & THE PASSENGER String Quartet + Navvi

SATURDAY 5/21
BLONDE REDHEAD
DRALMS

TUESDAY 5/31

IAMSU!

MOD SUN + GRAVEZ + BIA

BARBOZA — COMING UP NEXT —

THURSDAY 5/5

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& HIS WICKED SONS AND MORE!

FRIDAY 5/6
ELLIPHANT

SATURDAY 5/7
TV GIRL
BANTA + AMY VIKING

SUNDAY 5/8

ROME FORTUNE + THE RANGE

WEDNESDAY 5/11
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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

would be heard after midnight, outdoors, in a remote location, and on powerful stimulants. Think Bonnaroo, going on right before Medeski Martin & Wood or STS9—that kinetic, complex vibe with a high "wow" factor. Klozd Sirkut are funk-electronic fusionists whose wide-lapelled, rayon-textured songs skew harder toward Red Hot Chili Peppers than to Funkadelic or Zapp. Yes, they cover Lipps Inc.'s "Funkytown," and at a slower tempo. **DAVE SEGAL**

FRIDAY 5/6

DUG: Psychic Mirrors

(Lo-Fi) With its funk, hiphop, uh... kids' records, and boogie, DUG is one of my fave DJ nights in town and an all-around kickass night of dancing. But when the DUG collective also chooses to feature a live act, you can guarantee the action will be dialed in tight. And tonight they've sorted Miami's fabulous Psychic Mirrors, a fittingly '80s-style boogie/funk group known for their racy synths and sexy groovin' beats. I think this is Psychic Mirrors' first Seattle show ever. They're touring to support their new LP, Nature of Evil, so I expect it to be a sweaty night of big teased hair and pleather-clad hotness! **MIKE NIPPER**

More Music @ the Moore: Sheila E., Clayton Seibel, Common Tratez, Gloria Plenkina, Jawann Blanchey, the Malady of Sevendials, One2, Sam Foster, Suite Clarity, Wandr

(Moore, all ages) Especially in the wake of Prince's recent ascension, it is crucial that we value the contributions of those still with us who have made impactful work we may not have even fully credited. Sheila E. is one such artist, acting as a contributing singer and percussionist for Prince, Gloria Estefan, Beyoncé, and other mind-blowing, life-altering notables, as well as building up her own memorable career. She returns this year to yet again direct More Music @ the Moore, an event that showcases the work of triumphant young talents and illustrates support for voices yearning to be heard within the burgeoning lower age levels of the Seattle music community. Witness the melding of a klezmer violinist, a Russian Roma vocalist, folk and R&B duos, and more, and get it through your skull that the children really are our (musical) future. **KIM SELLING**

Aesop Rock, Homeboy Sandman

(Neumos, all ages) lan Bavitz, aka Aesop Rock, might not be the best rapper of all time, but he certainly has the biggest vocabulary. A quantitative study of hiphop lyrics at poly-graph.co (check out that site, seriously) found his word bank so big that it broke their scale. Aesop has substance behind his syllables as well—as a cornerstone of the Definitive Jux roster, he explored the plight of the working class on albums like Labor Days. That label went bust, but Aes still tours and records constantly. He's playing in support of his new album, The Impossible Kid, with up-and-coming MC Homeboy Sandman as direct support.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

Radar: Slumber, Eugene Fauntleroy, Justin Collins

(Kremwerk) San Francisco/Berlin producers

Amber Cox and Oona Dahl (aka Slumber) create deep, funky house music that will spur you to coolly lose your inhibitions in the club. Eschewing over-the-top diva emoting and pulse-accelerating bpms, Slumber opt for a slyer, more understated approach to dance-floor seduction. And lordy, do they excel at this important task. Seattle DJ Eugene Fauntleroy (aka Michito Iwata, one of the forces behind Nacho Borracho's essential Weird Room techno night) has been pushing this sort of subtle house for many years, and his selections should serve as the ideal mood-setter for Slumber's cushiony groove techniques. Tonight is the debut of his and Justin Collins's Radar event at Kremwerk. **DAVE SEGAL**

SATURDAY 5/7

Touch Conference: Philip Jeck, Mark Van Hoen, Daniel Menche

(Chapel Performance Space, all ages) UK label Touch has been releasing an eclectic array of fascinating experimental and electronic music in exceptionally designed packaging since 1982, and tonight's event offers a rare opportunity to hear some of its artists in person. Maverick English turntablist Philip Jeck has been one of Touch's most reliable presences. On works like 1995's Loopholes and 1998's Surf, Jeck transforms old records played on vintage turntables into distorted, spectral symphonies and dance numbers of great poignancy. LA-via-London producer Mark Van Hoen dropped one of Touch's most riveting albums in 1997 with The Last Flowers from the Darkness, a disorienting bitches brew of abstract electronica that's too otherworldly to be classified as "triphop." (Go look on YouTube for "Vessel of Light" for proof.) Portland-based Daniel Menche has been a prolific source of rigorously sculpted noise since 1990. Every set I've caught by him as been an intense, overwhelming experience. Check Marriage of Metals for a peak peek into Menche's artfully abrasive world. Touch founder Mike Harding will be in attendance. **DAVE SEGAL**

SUNDAY 5/8

Kid Congo Powers and the Pink Monkey Birds, Bread and Butter

(Sunset) We oughta feel lucky to get to see Kid Congo Powers and the Pink Monkey Birds—who are touring in support of their most recent LP, La Araña Es La Vidabecause they are ALWAYS such a good goddamn time. At this point in the game, Powers should be considered a rock-and-roll godhead. Over the course of his career, he's played with heavy groups like the Gun Club, the Cramps, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. and, well, I reckon he may be the last of the ancients who is still active AND still knowingly nodding to the 1960s. And if that ain't enough, Kid Congo Powers and company are paired up with sweet local power-pop group Bread and Butter. Stay sick, y'all. MIKE **NIPPER**

Deicide, Season of Suffering, Devilation, A Flourishing Scourge, Antitheus

(Studio Seven, all ages) There's no shortage

Continued ▶











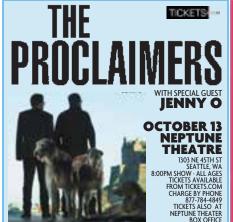


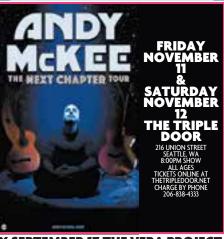












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5/5 **THURSDAY**



Big Wild SOLD OUT

Electric Mantis, Northern Natives (Samurai Del & Kyo-Ken) All Aaes

5/5 **THURSDAY**



Har Mar Superstar @ The Tractor **Electric NoNo**

5/5 **THURSDAY**



Audioasis on KEXP, Do206, & The Crocodile Present::

So Pitted @ Chop Suey Naomi Punk, youryoungbody All Ages

5/6 **FRIDAY**



Showbox Presents:

Kris Orlowski

The Hollers, Silver Torches (Solo) All Ages

5/6 **FRIDAY**



KEXP & The Crocodile Present::

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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

of musicians with bones to pick with organized religion, but perhaps none so much as Glen Benton, singer and guitarist of Deicide. The man burned an upside-down cross into his forehead, just to express his consternation. If that sounds over the top, well, so is his music. Deicide are one of the original Floridian death-metal bands, and while Cannibal Corpse have aged a little better. Deicide's self-titled LP and their sophomore joint Legion remain classics of the genre. Dethklok this ain't. Expect warp-speed drums, hurly-burly guitar riffs, and a whole lot of heresy. In a world where Ted Cruz might be president, maybe we could use a few more Glen Bentons around. JOSEPH SCHAFER

Primal Fear, Luka Turilli's Rhapsody, Substratum, Children of Seraph, Rhine

(El Corazon, all ages) No metal band has more kickass tunes about how kickass it is to be in a metal band than Primal Fear. These fist-pumpin' German power metallers are more self-referential than a Rickey Henderson postgame interview. Sample jams: "In Metal We Trust," "Metal Is Forever," "In Metal," "Metal Nation," etc. All of them kick subtlety right in the nuts with upperregister vocals powerful enough to shatter the windshield of an earthmover, incessant dual-guitar peacockery, and totally nonwimpy keyboards. Seriously, the number of sprained vertebrae left in the wake of a Primal Fear gig makes us wonder if their current tour isn't sponsored by the American Chiropractic Association. As far as guilty pleasures go, these dudes will get you 25 to life. Get an attorney—and a neck brace. **JASON BRACELIN**

MONDAY 5/9

Depths: Live score to THX 1138 by Briana Jones, Jason Bledsoe, Lea Bledsoe, Justin Thomas Kleine, David Totten, Andrew Crawshaw; sets by Pulling Out the Light, Aphantasia Trio

(Broken Press) George Lucas's 1971 dystopian sci-fi film THX 1138 featured a desolately beautiful, chilling Lalo Schifrin score. Forty-five years later, some brash, inventive synthesizer players from Seattle—including Andrew Crawshaw (Meridian Arc), Briana Jones (Pulling Out the Light), and David Totten (Scriptures)—will proffer their own interpretation of it while the movie, a depiction of a future society in which erotic impulses are outlawed-screens behind them. Should be very interesting. Before that, Pulling Out the Light and Meridian Arc will do solo sets. Both musicians have been responsible for some of the most evocative soundtracks for cosmic disturbances this city has generated in a long time, as anyone who caught their sets at Lo-Fi's recent Conrad Schnitzler tribute show can verify. DAVE SEGAL

TUESDAY 5/10

Dungen, Boogarins

(Crocodile, all ages) In 2001, Rhino released Nuggets II: Original Artyfacts from the British Empire and Beyond, 1964–1969, which expanded the geographic borders of their psychedelic-rock series. With tracks from bands like Sweden's Tages and Brazil's Os Mutantes, it offered incontrovertible proof that psychedelia, musically speaking, is a universal language. This tour, featuring Swedish collective Dungen

and Brazilian quartet Boogarins, confirms that it's hardly a dead tongue. Fittingly, both groups bloomed from the visions of a solo artist (Gustav Eistes) and a duo (Dinho Almeida and Benke Ferraz). Eight albums into their career, Dungen are genre leaders (their latest, the flute-and-piano-saturated Allas Sak, is a fine edition to the canon). While Boogarins have only two full-lengths to their name, they've dodged the dreaded sophomore slump with ease. KATHY FENNESSY

Bob Mould, Jason Narducy, Jon Wurster, Mike Krol

(Showbox, all ages) No one ever really wins the argument about who invented emo. Sure, the young'uns think some Warped Tour band came up with it. Slightly older fans might point to some band that packaged its first 7-inch in a manila envelope. The old guard steadfastly point to DC and the bands of Revolution Summer. But the guy who inadvertently invented emo managed to, by and large, avoid the increasingly pejorative tag. Let's be real: Bob Mould showed us that you could ache and rage at the same time. Whether it was with the bittersweet thrash of Hüsker Dü, the earnest power-pop of Sugar, or his recently reinvigorated solo career, Mould has always excelled at channeling heartache, angst, and self-loathing through a handful of well-chosen chords and his trusty MXR distortion pedal. BRIAN COOK

Dying Fetus, the Acacia Strain, Jungle Rot, Black Crown Initiate, Reaping Asmodeia, Nylithia, System House 33, Twisted Heroes, Into the Flood

(Studio Seven, all ages) Back in 1999, two

characters from the animated series South Park—Cartman and Kenny—tried their hardest to find "the brown note," a tone with such a low frequency, it could forcefully evacuate the bowels of all who heard it. Seemingly, Boston-based metal core band the Acacia Strain were on the same search, as they chug lower and lower on each of their seven albums, gaining more notoriety and listeners on their quest for the holy grail of heaviness. Headliners Dving Fetus are exactly what one would expect with a name like that—brutal, fast, slamming death metal with vocals that make Deicide sound like Donny Osmond. KEVIN DIERS

Lesbian, Dust Moth, Power Skeleton

(Highline) As the troops manning the front lines in Seattle's doom-metal scene, Lesbian trade in a kind of grand, almost inviting malevolence, embodied by the forbidding yet strangely beatific portrait of some creepy-looking woods that darkens the cover of their latest release, Forestelevision. These psychedelic extremists map the topography of metal's lunatic fringe, their excruciatingly slow-building catalog a mix of agony (polypbursting death gargles) and ecstasy (stirring, beatific, headlong plunges down myriad post-rock rabbit holes). Forestelevision is a single 44-minute song with more suites than a Vegas high-rise. It's a full-on labyrinth of sound, and like all mazes, it has its share of dead ends. But it also packs the same sense of exhilaration when you make your way through it somehow. JASON BRACELIN











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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

All the Shows Happening This Week

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All Ages

WED 5/4

LIVE MUSIC

BLUE MOON TAVERN Open Mic, 8 pm

CHOP SUEY Rabia Shaheen Qazi, Benjamin Thomas-Kennedy, Jenn Champion, and Brad Dunn: Live in The Den, 8 pm, \$6

THE FUNHOUSE Must Be The Holy Ghost, Empyrean, Flames of Durga, 8:30 pm, \$7/\$10

HIGH DIVE Shawn Smith

HIGHLINE A Province of Thay, Gladiators Eat Fire, Slow Code, Dead Spells, 9 pm, \$8/\$10

LITTLE RED HEN Karaoke with DJ Forrest Gump, 9 pm LO-FI Crude SS, Hellshock, Death Raid, 8 pm. \$7 NECTAR Gepe, Elia, Ságan, DJ Chilly, 8 pm, \$12

• NEUMOS Magic Man and The Griswolds: Hotling Spring Tour, 6:30 pm, \$20 OWL N'THISTLE Justin and

PARAGON Two Buck Chuck, 8 pm. free

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE Beach House with Skyler Skjelset, 8 pm, \$31.25 SEAMONSTER LOUNGE

Adrian Xavier All Star Reggae Dub, 10 pm SUBSTATION TBASA's Lo-Fi All Stars #77: Patrick Galactic, Chuck Roast, Johnny Sangster, Graig Markel, and Robb Benson, 8 pm, \$6

SUNSET TAVERN The Wild Lips, Man With Gun, Beef Supreme, 8 pm. \$8

TRACTOR TAVERN The **Dustbowl Revival and** Colonels of Truth, 8 pm, \$10 **O TRIPLE DOOR** Kate Lynne Logan with Devin Sinha, 7:30 pm, \$12

JAZZ

CONOR BYRNE Happy Orchestra, 9 pm

ביים אוניב Joey DeFrancesco Trio, 7:30 pm, \$31.50 * IAZZ ALLEY loe

CONOR BYRNE Rainier Soul

Sounds, 9 pm, free CONTOUR NuDe Wednesdays, 9 pm, free HAVANA COOLIN: Wicked & Wild: DJ SoulOne, ZJ Redman, and Selecta Element, free; \$5 after 10 p.m., DJ Night with Stasia Mehschel and Larry Mizell, Jr., 10 pm, \$3

LOVECITYLOVE LOVECITYLOVE X WEDNESDAYS, 8-11 pm, \$5/\$10 **NEIGHBOURS** Exposed

★ PONY He's a Rebel STUDIO SEVEN Electric

THURS 5/5

LIVE MUSIC

O AGUA VERDE CAFE AND PADDLE CLUB Cinco de Mayo con Los Buhos, 3-5 pm

BARBOZA 1 Night, 3 Bands, BARBOZA TNIght, 3 Band
1 Cause Benefit Show:
Bigfoot Wallace and His
Wicked Sons, John Dillon,
and Champagne Babylon,
7 pm, \$10

RIJIE MOON TAVERN Cinco de Mayo Party: Country Lips and Deception Past, 9 pm, \$6

CAPITOL CIDER "Cider" de Mayo with Holy Pistola, 8:30-11 pm

* CHOP SUEY So Pitted, Naomi Punk, Youryoungbody, 8 pm, \$12/\$14

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Filibusta and Megan Hamilton, 8 pm, \$10

© CROCODILE Big Wild, Electric Mantis, Northern Natives, 8 pm, \$12 THE FUNHOUSE Kirby

Krackle with Death*Star and Shubzilla, 8 pm, \$8/\$10 HARD ROCK CAFE Sound

★ HIGH DIVE Spvn Reset Klozd Sirkut, SAMPO, 8:30 pm, \$8/\$10 ★ HIGHLINE The Body. The

Rita, WORKDEATH, Gordon Ashworth, Anteinferno, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGHWAY 99 Harmonious Funk Band, 8 pm, \$7

O HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Trash Lord, Mo Troper and the Assumptions, Mr. Bones, SuperProjection, 8 pm,

THE KRAKEN BAR & LOUNGE Cinco de Mayo Free Show, 9 pm

LITTLE WATER CANTINA Cinco de Mayo and 5 Year Anniversary Fiesta, 11:30

LO-FI Grey Waves, Echo Ravine, and Tay Sean, 9 pm, \$7

MEZCALERIA OAXACA Cinco de Mayo Roofdeck Party with El Vez, 5 pm, \$5 NECTAR Katchafire, The Mystic Roots Band, Two Story Zori, Stay Positive Sound, 8 pm, \$22/\$25

NEUMOS Jai Wolf with Chet Porter and Melvv, 8 pm, \$16 ★ PONY Lisa Prank and

Corey J Brewer, 9 pm, \$5 Suggested Donation RENDEZVOUS Moon

Darling, Pastel Motels, Crews, and the Rainy Day Splish Splosh Band, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

O THE ROYAL ROOM Banda Vagos, 8 pm, \$12/\$15 **SUBSTATION** The SkyeMonkey, The Downhouse, Swords For Arrows, 8 pm, \$6

TACOS GUAYMAS 12th

Annual Cinco de Mayo Block Party, 1 pm-2 am, \$10 TIA LOU'S Cinco de Mayo Party: Banda Room and Tropical Room Grand Opening, 10 pm, Free/\$5

TIN DOG BREWING Cinco de Mayo Party, 4 pm TRACTOR TAVERN Har Mar Superstar with Electric NoNo. 9 pm. \$12

O TRIPLE DOOR Cinco de Mayo with Locarno, 7:30 pm, \$20

JAZZ

★ ② JAZZ ALLEY Abdullah Ibrahim and Ekaya, \$33.50 OSTERIA LA SPIGA Jazz at

PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac.

O SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Ouartet, 7 pm

DJ BALLROOM Throwback

Thursdays, 9 pm BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat: DJ Bret Law, \$3 CONTOUR Jaded: Guests EL CHUPACABRA Cinco de Mayo with DJ Fred Eddison, 10 pm-1 am

★ FRED WILDLIFE REFUGE lan Hicks, Roladex, QOQO ROBOQS, 8 pm, \$5

★ HAVANA Sophisticated Mama: DJ Nitty Gritty and DJ Sad Bastard, free JAZZBONES College Night:

DJ Christyle, 9 pm ★ MERCURY Sex.Wav:

Guests, 9 pm, \$3/\$5 NEIGHBOURS Revolution

OHANA '80s Ladies Night R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays SAINT IOHN'S BAR AND

EATERY Peel Slowly: DJ Squid Vicious, Fentar, DJ Kool Mike B, and DJ Bargain Bin, free SEAMONSTER LOUNGE E

SUITE LOUNGE Cinco de Mayo at Suite, 3 pm-1 am SUR 16 Cinco de Mayo Celebration, 6 pm

TRACE Cinco de Mayo Celebration, 4-10 pm TRINITY Beer Pong Thursdays

CLASSICAL

O SEATTLE ART MUSEUM Ladies Musical Club Free Public Concert: LMC 125th Anniversary Show Series, Thurs, May 5, noon

FRI 5/6

LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA Elliphant with Guests, 7 pm, \$15 BLUE MOON TAVERN Pastel Motel, Colorworks, Heptagon, and Guests, 9

CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 CHOP SUEY Swagger Like Us: Saturn Rising, 9 pm, \$7/\$10

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER
John Craigle with Jason
Dodson, 8 pm, \$12/\$14 CONOR BYRNE Lee Bob and The Truth, Shaky Blankets, and Joy Mills, 9 pm, \$8

© CROCODILE Kris Orlowski, 7:30 pm, \$20/\$28 CYPRESS WINE BAR Grace Love and The True Loves, 7-10 pm

@ EL CORAZON Monster Concerts Presents: Wednesday 13: The Relapse Symphony, Casca's Dagger, Pill Brigade, 7:30 pm, \$15/\$17

O EVERGREEN STATE **COLLEGE** Sweater Beats, Mod Sun, and Sixis, 8 pm, \$6-\$20

THE FUNHOUSE Year of the Cobra, Disenchanter, Infinite Flux, Black Bone Exorcism, 9 pm, \$6/\$8 HARD ROCK CAFE Sound

Check Happy Hour: Whitney Monge, 5-7 pm HIGH DIVE Wes Sp8 and

the Apollo Proxy, Mts and Tunnels, Seacastle, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGHWAY 99 Mark Dufresne Band, 8 pm, \$16

★ ② LANGSTON HUGHES PERFORMING ARTS INSTITUTE Freshest Roots: Expresso Open Mic, 7 pm,

★ LO-FI DUG with Psychic Mirrors, 9 pm, \$10

• MOORE THEATRE More Music at the Moore, 7:30 pm, \$15 NECTAR Foreverland: Δ 14

Piece Tribute to Michael
Jackson: Foreverland, Life
During Wartime, DJ Indica

Jones, 8 pm, \$14/\$18 ★ ② NEUMOS Aesop Rock

with Homeboy Sandman, 8 nm \$20

THE ROYAL ROOM Picoso, 10 pm, \$10/\$12

O SHOWBOX SODO The Neighborhood, 8 pm, \$30.75/\$33

THE SHOWBOX Motion City Soundtrack, The Spill Canvas, Microwave, 8 pm, \$26.50/\$30

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB
Dylan Schmidt and the
Rhythm Souls, Peacemaker Nation, 9 pm, \$7

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Los Morries, Memphis Radio Kings, Jim Marcotte and the Breakthrough, 9 pm, \$5

STUDIO SEVEN Finn Gruva, Samu, Pati, Sione Toki, Maeli, and Guests: Lover's Rock Tour, 8 pm **SUBSTATION** Sacrifice to Pluto: An Experiment in Connection: Spit in the Well. The Devil Bores Me Slow Code, 9 pm, \$8

SUNSET TAVERN Night Moves, 8:30 pm, \$10 TRACTOR TAVERN The Cactus Blossoms, May 6-7,

WASHINGTON CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS Coppelia, \$23-\$33

JAZZ

9 pm, \$20

★ **②** JAZZ ALLEY Abdullah Ibrahim and Ekaya, \$33.50 LATONA PUB Phil Sparks

TULA'S Marina Albero Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$18

DJ

ASTON MANOR Cabaret Fridays: Guests

BALLROOM Rendezvous BALMAR Top 40, 9:30 pm,

BARBOZA Jet: Dance Party DJ Set with Special Guests, 10:30 pm

★ HATTIE'S HAT Hella Dope: DJ Sidlicious and DJ Mizzo, 10 pm, free HAVANA Viva Havana: Soul

One, Sean Cee, Curtis, Nostalgia B, and DV One, 9 pm, \$11

TAZZBONES Filthy Fridays:

Guests, 11 pm, \$10

KEXP Nothing Compares 2 U: A Celebration of the Life and Music of Prince: KEXP's The Afternoon Show with Kevin Cole, 2-6 pm

* KREMWERK Radar: Slumber, Eugene Fauntleroy, Justin Collins, 10 pm, \$10/\$15

MERCURY Bloom: A Beltane Ritual: The Mercury's 6th Annual Beltane Celebration, 9 pm, \$5; Gasp: JQ, 9 pm, \$5

NEIGHBOURS Absolut Fridays: DJ Richard Dalton and DJ Trent Von, 9 pm NEUMOS Candi Pop: A Bubblegum Pop Dance Party, 9 pm-2 am

OHANA DJs. 10 pm. free OZZIE'S DJs, 9 pm, free

★ PONY Beefcake: DJ King of Pants and Dee Jay Jack O NIGHTCLUB ICON:

Cut Snake: Cut Snake, Sean Majors, Drew, Tony Apfelbeck, 10 pm-3 am, \$15 R PLACE Swollen Fridays.

THERAPY LOUNGE Under Pressure, 9:30 pm, \$3 after 10:30 p.m.

STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm

THINGS TO DO All the Shows Happening This Week

Phase, Guy, Soul Gorilla and DJ Famous, \$0-\$10

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Handel & Vivaldi: Seattle Symphony, May 6-7, 8 pm, \$20-\$76

O RESONANCE AT SOMA TOWERS First Friday Salon: In Concert with Bethany

Man, 8 pm, \$20-\$40 O ST. STEPHEN'S

EPISCOPAL CHURCH Milton Babbitt Centennial Concert Series: The Esoterics, 8 pm, \$15-\$25

© TRIPLE DOOR Portland Cello Project, 10 pm, \$26-\$35

SAT 5/7

LIVE MUSIC

@ BALLARD HOMESTEAD Joan Shelley with Michael Hurley, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$12/\$15

BARBOZA TV Girl with Banta and Amy Viking, 7 pm, \$10

BLUE MOON TAVERN X-Ray and Guests, 9 pm, \$6 CAFE RACER Aaron J Shav.

9-11 pm ★ ② CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE

Touch Conference: Phillip Jeck, Mark Van Hoen, Daniel Menche, 8 pm, \$10 CLUB HOLLYWOOD

CASINO Johnny and the Bad Boys and DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

O CROCODILE Coasts. Knox Hamilton, Symmetry, 7 pm, \$15

© EL CORAZON Atreyu, Nekrogoblikon, Islander, Psychostick, Urizen: A Death-Grip On Yesterday 10th Anniversary Tour, 7 pm, \$20/\$25

O THE FUNHOUSE Social Repose, Whitney Peyton, King Bishop Bars, 3 pm, \$13/\$15

HIGH DIVE 80's Invasion!, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGHLINE Fred and Toody Cole (Dead Moon), Riffbrokers, Trees and Timber, Radio On, 10 pm,

HIGHWAY 99 Hot Wired Rhythm Band, 8 pm, \$17 LO-FI Hollow Sidewalks. This Blinding Light, Blaak Heat, 9 pm, \$8

MOORE THEATRE Seattle Rock Orchestra Performs Neil Diamond, 8 pm, \$20-

NECTAR Blockhead Fliot Lipp, Pressha, and J-Justice, 8 pm, \$15/\$17

NEUMOS Vaudeville Etiquette, Maszer, Tyler Edwards, 8 pm, \$12

★ NORTHWEST FILM FORUM Puget Soundtrack: Erin Jorgensen presents Daisies, 8 pm, \$15

O PANTAGES THEATER

Rodrigo & Stravinsky, 7:30 pm, \$12-\$80

RENDEZVOUS Kirt Debigue Analog Dream, and Sollem Den, 9 pm, \$8/\$10

SEAMONSTER The New Triumph, Todo Es, 8 pm

O THE SHOWBOX Tech N9ne, Krizz Kaliko, Rittz, Mayday!, Stevie Stone, and Ces Cru, 8 pm, \$27/\$30

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Screens, Noddy, Richie Dagger's Crime, 9 pm, \$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Joe Buck Yourself, The Stuntmen, Sin Driver, 9 pm, \$5

SUBSTATION The New Method Blasters, The Shaken Growlers, and Hello Pwine, 6 pm, \$7

SUNSET TAVERN Gibraltar, Low Hums, Vibragun, Ghost Pains, 9 pm, \$10

TACOMA RIALTO

THEATER Fiesta, Familia, Folklore!: José Iñiquez. Mariachi Huenachi and

Bailadores de Bronce, 3 pm, \$12/\$22/\$32

TRACTOR TAVERN The Cactus Blossoms, Through May 7, 9 pm, \$20

WASHINGTON CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING
ARTS Coppelia, \$23-\$33

JAZZ

FIRESIDE ROOM AT
SORRENTO HOTEL Chip Parker and Hans Brehmer Duo, 8-10 pm

★ ② JAZZ ALLEY Abdullah Ibrahim and Ekaya, \$33.50

© TRIPLE DOOR
Flamenco Jazz with Chano Dominguez, John Bishop, and Jeff Johnson, 7:30

DJ

ASTON MANOR NRG Saturdays

BALLARD LOFT Hiphop Saturdays, 10 pm BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm

BALMAR Top 40 Night: Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays, 10 pm

BARBOZA Inferno, 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10 after

BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN 90s Dance Party: Guests,

CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself Clean: Guests, 9 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m.

CORBU LOUNGE Saturday

★ CUFF DJs. 10 pm-3 am HAVANA Havana Social, 9 pm, \$15

THE ISLANDER CRUISE SHIP Cinco de Mayo Boat Party, 9:30 pm, \$20-\$50 ★ KREMWERK ArtHaus 2.0

Semi-Finals, 7 pm, \$7 MERCURY Mayday!: Industrial Emergency with DJs Hana Solo and Paradox, 9 pm, Free/\$5

NEIGHBOURS Powermix OHANA DJs, 10 pm, free OZZIE'S DJs, 9 pm, free R PLACE Therapy Saturday RE-BAR Night Crush, 10:30

SARAIEVO LOUNGE European/Balkan/Greek Night: Guests

STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm THERAPY LOUNGE This Modern Love: Guests TRINITY Reload Saturdays, \$0-\$10

CLASSICAL

O FRYE ART MUSEUMLadies Musical Club Free
Public Concert: LMC 125th Anniversary Show Series,

O HOLY ROSARY **CATHOLIC CHURCH** Milton Babbitt Centennial Concert Series: The Esoterics, 8 pm,

O MCCAW HALL The Flying Dutchman: Seattle Opera, May 7-21, 7:30 pm, \$25-\$193

O TOWN HALL LUCO Presents: Chamber Music Cabaret: Lake Union Civic Orchestra, 7:30 pm, free-

SUN 5/8

LIVE MUSIC

6:30 pm

BARBOZA Rome Fortune and The Range, 8 pm, \$15

© CAFE RACER Racer Sessions, 7:30-11 pm O CROCODILE The Pizza Pulpit: Ready Demolition, Critte and the Borzoi,

Fear and Luka Turilli's Rhapsody with Substratum and Children of Seraph, 7:30 pm, \$20-\$80

O HARD ROCK CAFE Caspar Babypants, 12-4 pm, \$5/\$10

HIGH DIVE ChuKy Charles.

Everything Sucks, and Guests, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8 LATONA PUB The Wild

LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy: Guests,

MOORE THEATRE Seattle Rock Orchestra Performs Neil Diamond, 2 pm, \$20

NECTAR Blake Lewis and Eliott Yamin: The Soul Box Tour, 6:30 pm, \$13/\$17 THE ROYAL ROOM Lady
Can Sing The Blues II, 8 pm,

\$12/\$15 O SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Henry Mansfield and the Bearded Scooter Gang, 6-9

pm, \$5 ★ ② STUDIO SEVEN Deicide, Season of Suffering, Devilation, A Flourishing Scourge, Antitheus, 6 pm, \$15/\$20 SUBSTATION Kathy Moore, Annie O'Neill, Om Jahari

and DJ Devona Walker, 6-11 pm, \$6 ★ SUNSET TAVERN Kid Congo Powers and the Pink Monkeybirds, Bread and Butter, 8 pm, \$10

TIM'S TAVERN Seattle Songwriter Showcase

O TRIPLE DOOR Cahalen Morrison and Eli West with The Onlies, 7:30 pm, \$13/\$15

VICTORY LOUNGE Frica Freas, Jefferson Death Star, LIFESLOW, Alone In Dead Bars, 8:30 pm, \$5

WASHINGTON CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS Coppelia, \$23-\$33

JAZZ

CAPITOL CIDER KO Ensemble, 5:30-8 pm DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday

pm, free @ EMBASSY SUITES BELLEVUE Carolena Matus and Randy Halberstadt: Mother's Day Brunch and Jazz. 10 am-2 pm. \$17-\$42

• HARISSA Sunday Bossa Nova: Dina Blade, 6 pm, free

Ibrahim and Ekaya, \$33.50 SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Shuga Sundays: Eric Verlinde and Guests, 7:30 pm

★ @ TIII.A'S lim Cutler lazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays, 10 pm CONTOUR Broken Grooves: Guests, free

CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm

THE HIDEOUT DJ Night MERCURY Interzone: DI

Coldheart, 9 pm, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina PONY TeaDance, 4 pm

R PLACE Homo Hop: Guests ★ RE-BAR Flammable, 9 pm, \$10

REVOLVER BAR No Exit: DJ Vi, Sun, noon

CLASSICAL

 BENAROYA HALL
 Magnificent Tone Poems Seattle Youth Symphony Orchestra, 3 pm, \$27-\$52

★ Ø ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free

O TRINITY PARISH
CHURCH Mother's Day Cantata Concert: Seattle Bach Choir, 6 pm

MON 5/9

LIVE MUSIC

★ BROKEN PRESS Depths: THX-1138, 8 pm CAPITOL CIDER CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass Jam, 8:30 pm, free **© CROCODILE** Nothing But Thieves, The Wrecks, 8 pm, \$12

HARD ROCK CAFE Sound Check Happy Hour: Brenda Xu, 5-7 pm

sunset tavern Skyler Mehal, Trash Dogs, MARBLE, 8 pm, \$8

JAZZ

JAZZ ALLEY Save KPLU Fundraiser: Gail Pettis and the Ten O'Clock Quartet, 7

- ★ BAR SUE Motown on Mondays, 10 pm, free
- **★ THE HIDEOUT** Industry Standard: Guests, free
- **★ MOE BAR** Moe Bar Monday, 10 pm, free

CLASSICAL

© EDMONDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS Organ Symphony: Cascade Symphony, 7:30 pm, \$10-\$27

TUE 5/10

LIVE MUSIC

* COLUMBIA CITY
THEATER The Best Open Mic Ever, 7:30 pm, free

★ ② CROCODILE Dungen with Boogarins, 8 pm, \$17 EL CORAZON Verb Slingers

O FREMONT ABBEY Julianna Barwick with Mas Ysa, 8-10 pm, \$13/\$15 THE FUNHOUSE Fire

Retarded, Gang Cult, The Cussers, 9 pm, \$6/\$8 HARD ROCK CAFE Sound

★ HIGHLINE Lesbian, Dust Moth, F , Power Skeleto

O NEPTUNE THEATRE Mayer Hawthorne, 8 pm \$28.85

© NEUMOS The Classic Crime: "Albatross" Ten Year Anniversary Tour, 5:30 pm, \$17

PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free PARLIAMENT TAVERN Billy SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio.

Joe Doria Presents McTuff, 10 pm, 11 pm, free **★ ② THE SHOWBOX** Bob Mould, Jason Narducy, Jon Wurster, Mike Krol, 8:30 pm, \$25/\$28

★ ② STUDIO SEVEN Metal Alliance Tour: Dying Fetus, The Acacia Strain, Jungle Rot. Black Crown Initiate. Reaping Asmodeia, Nylithia, System House 33, Twisted Heroes, Into The Flood, 5 pm, \$22/\$25

TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic: Linda Lee, 8 pm TRACTOR TAVERN An Evening with Dave Alvin and Christy McWilson, 8

pm, \$20 TRIPLE DOOR Lou Doillon, 7:30 pm, \$35-\$45

JAZZ

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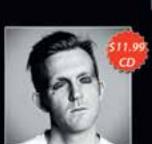
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BEYONCÉ She gave homage to womanhood and animated it through a kaleidoscopic view of blackness.

After the Storm: A Meditation on Beyoncé's Lemonade

BY C. DAVIDA INGRAM

was travelling when it dropped.

I had not checked my phone. But in my social-media feed, the verdict was in.

With her new surprise visual album *Lemonade*, reigning pop queen Beyoncé Knowles Carter had maybe put a red laser dot on her husband's forehead (and possibly his foreskin and penis), just like in the Biggie Smalls's song "Warning."

There were contradictions.

The album was available at first exclusively on Jay Z's streaming service Tidal.

Did Beyoncé have her man hawking the heartbreak that he caused?

And this was not all.

Beyoncé gave homage to womanhood and animated it through a kaleidoscopic view of blackness. She offers up a songbook of black music's different stylings—R&B, jazz, country, the blues, gospel, hiphop.

As I peeled back *Lemonade*'s layers, I saw an incredible feat of curating, cinematography, poetics. Warsan Shire's poetry is formidably beautiful, as has been noted. The sum of these parts eclipses the music for me. Without the visual album, and Shire's epitaphs, "Sorry" and "Formation" are the only songs I would put in heavy rotation.

Lemonade has stayed on my mind because of how it makes me think and feel. Because the visual album is an artistic amalgamation, I have deep respect for its representations of

blackness as multihued, multi-textured, and multivalent. Along the way, it points toward new ways of looking at black cultural production realized in a collective format. I've seen this in the work of the YAMS collective, Theaster Gates, and Black Constellation, to name a few. We are archives of knowledge, consciousness, so very interconnected.

Hearing black women rejoice about *Lemonade* and its symbolism made me wish that we felt welcome in the contemporary art world. Steve McQueen, Carrie Mae Weems, and Lorna Simpson are black artists who have an aesthetic that is conversant to the imagery used in *Lemonade*. In the cinematic works of one of *Lemonade*'s directors, Kahlil Joseph, everywhere the eyes go there is chiaroscuro, dark skin illuminated by perfect light, a call-and-response. Dream Hampton rightfully calls him a visual folklorist.

There is no part of *Lemonade*'s story that goes over my head, it stitches in high and low culture

The possibility of Jay Z being a philanderer is entirely believable. Even though I hate the sound of whistling, my favorite Jay Z song is "Big Pimpin'." In the video, he shuffles on the beach talking about: "Me give my heart to a woman? / Not for nothin', never happen / I'll be forever mackin'." With *Lemonade*, I wonder what Beyoncé feels for this man, past the misogyny he projects and his exquisite iambic

pentameter.

Has Shawn "Jay Z" Carter been blazed like this since Nas made "Ether"?

In that homophobic (and epic) dis, Nas goes: "You been on my dick, nigga. You love my style." She's been on that dick, right? Beyoncé loves Jay Z's style. Married him. Had his baby. In the vignette "Apathy," she recites a tale of being gutted by the love of her life. Because of these things, I remind myself to

Lemonade still asks reasonably heartbroken questions: Why do our biggest loves sometimes fuck us over?

proceed with care as I look around here.

We are not the masks we wear, the things we do and say. In the tumultuous undertow of *Lemonade*, I find that I get uncomfortable when viewers cannot distinguish the line that separates fiction and nonfiction, story and self. When NBC puzzled, "Who is Becky with the good hair?" I held my head. *Lemonade* makes me hold my heart in other places, and reach out to my sisters.

Over the last few weeks, so many black

women have claimed *Lemonade* in deeply emotional ways, as it resonates with their pain and they empathize. Because its guts are raw, *Lemonade*'s aftermath is portentous. Beyoncé has stunned most of her onlookers with the beauty of this tumultuous affair. Once its one-hour storm finally subsided, *Lemonade* left many things in its wake. Praise is one part. Rage another.

The sympathies for Beyoncé gathered quickly like the various storm clouds in the video—castellanus, lenticular, mammatus. Perhaps egged on by the shaking rage in "Don't Hurt Yourself" and the voice cracked phrasing of "Sandcastles," a protective shield surrounded Bey. The Beyhive sought out her supposed romantic rival, "Becky with the good hair." Rachel Roy has since deleted the Instagram post saying, "Good hair don't care." Did she know that she seemed to be bragging about bagging Bey's man? After she was bullied online by Beyoncé fans, the designer took to People magazine to say she was not the other woman. A conservative pundit called Beyoncé's Beyhive a wolf pack and asked if it needed to be smoked out.

To quote Bey, "Hold Up." Let's put our bats down. I love black art. I am protective about black women (Rachel Roy included). The dog-whistle politics aimed at Beyoncé's supporters worried me, as did their moralistic reminder that "fan" is short for fanatic. As ubiquitous as the stripper/ho figure has been in black popular culture, and as Beyoncé dons six-inch heels to tell her odyssey of loving a whorish man, I remember that the root words of whore are "dear" and "desire."

Infidelities reflect desire's complexity, among which is promiscuity, physical lust. Journalist Goldie Taylor added sanity when she tweeted: "Some of y'all outchear tweeting #LEMONADE when yew know yew squeezing somebody else's juice."

Lemonade still asks reasonably heartbroken questions: Why do our biggest loves sometimes fuck us over? What happens to the Beloved when the Lover betrays them?

Beyoncé reminds me of poet Sonia Sanchez's "Wounded in the House of a Friend."

As I drove home from the party I asked him what was wrong? What was bothering him? Were we okay?... Did I talk too much? Should I wear lipstick? Should I cut my hair? Let it grow? What did he want for dinner tomorrow nite? Was I driving too fast? Too slow? What is wrong man?

No investigation is more maddening than that of the detective on the case of someone stepping out on them. Beyoncé assigns herself this case and chases her mostly absent assailant against stark Southern landscapes, the tops of skyscrapers, a defenestration that magically leads her reemerging in water depths with death evaded and the whisper of siren song and air bubbles escaping pearl-like from her lips.

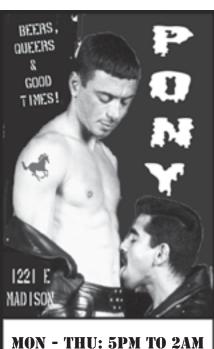
Lemonade's beauty is its syncretism.

Emotion bursts out the walls in a wave of tears. Beyoncé dons a yellow dress, playing the part of the goddess of love Oshun. She wields symbols from many worlds. Sinking Bibles and the warning no more water on the fire next time. She adorns herself with the painted worlds of Ori from the Nigerian-born, Brooklyn-bred artist named Laolu Senbanjo. Toward the end of her visual album, she is seated with the French-Cuban duo Ibeyi. Their video "River," like Lemonade, is









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◀ loaded with a voodoo aesthetic (more in line with Santeria). In the Victorian dress made with West African wax prints she wears in "Daddy Lessons" and "All Night," Beyoncé looks like she stepped out of a Yinka Shonibare installation.

All beauty is a form of sorcery.

As Beyoncé swims in the watery mojo she casts, she bridges different worlds and emotional states. Grief. Submission. Defiance. She wonders if her magic is dulling, asking, "Why can't you see me? Everyone else can." She begs her magician to please put her heart back together once he has split it in two.

Her coronal arc moves from the personal to the political to the spiritual.

Beyoncé turns the page, goes deeper into the story. Lemonade stretches past tales of "bomb pussy" to "Freedom" dreams, saying, "You look nothing like your mother," connecting the black lines that lead to belly buttons, to montes pubis, and further inside and beyond, connecting grandmother to mother to daughter to baby girl, until she reaches matriarchy, lineage, resistance, the veil of the next world.

There will be theses and dissertations about the black women and girls who cameo in the Lemonade video. My favorite is Serena Williams, who walks down the mansion steps in "Sorry." I joke to my friend that she looks like she'd unapologetically ground you to dust with her thighs, sweep it up, and toss your dusty ass out the window. As Beyoncé dances with Serena and her girls on the party bus with the stripper pole, this is the life that I have always imagined that she lives. Brazen. Carefree. Sex-positive. Self-possessed. Unfazed by men and their bravado.

Beyoncé's story circles back and forth, conjuring mental references to iconic black films like Julie Dash's Daughters of the Dust and Kasi Lemmons's Eve's Bayou, with its pantone women in swaths of white.

These are not the only references

In "Hold Up," I see a bit of Pipilotti Rist's Ever Is Over All, where the artists wields a

Beyoncé's artistry is

most potent when she

channels the choruses

of black women, how

we think, feel, live,

love, survive, rise.

flower-like scepter to bash in car windows. I also hear a lyric from Betty Wright's R&B classic "No Pain, No Gain" that goes: "I was earning my man while I was learning my man / Something you young girls might not understand," as Beyoncé's ordeal unfurls. I hear bell hooks's quote that

goes: "Even the wealthiest professional woman can be 'brought down' by being in a relationship where she longs to be loved and is consistently lied to." Beyoncé's artistry is most potent when she channels the choruses of black women, how we think, feel, live, love, survive, rise.

The New Yorker notes, among other things, that though Beyonce's younger sister, Solange, is absent from the Lemonadealbum credits, she is perhaps to be absolved for assaulting Jay Z in a New York elevator if this story is autobiographical. People hurt each other: emotionally, physically, psychically. One form of violence does not cancel out another. Black women have always been one another's sword and shield.

Where Bevoncé videos often seem to show a heliocentric view of herself as the reigning queen of Black Beauty, Lemonade shows her vulnerability past the serviceable cis-het claims: She is shapely. Rich. Iconic. Sensual. Desirable. Seductive. The perfect woman?

It's not a simple thing.

As Beyoncé intones, "I whipped my own back and prayed in dominion at your feet" before she asks, "Are you cheating on me?" I feel her. When she says, "Always stay gracious, best revenge is your paper" in "Formation," I feel subtly manipulated. How does the line go: Don't hate the player, hate the game?

Is Beyoncé an ingenious businesswoman? A betrayed wife? One or both? Neither? Are she and Jav Z opponents or spouses? Scorned lover and business partner? All of the above?

As I study Lemonade and its various elicitations, I wonder as Beyoncé works through her sorrow, will she continue connecting it back to "folks": One thousand girls raise their arms? Can this be the starting point next time? Or will she continue to play Hera to Jay Z's Zeus?

Perhaps she and Hillary Clinton have something in common, after all. Clinton pandered to black voters by mimicking Bevoncé, saving that she, too, keeps hot sauce in her bag. Now that we know Hot Sauce is a bat (not a condiment), it reminds me of Hillary throwing the White House lamp at Bill's head after the headlines reveal that he was having sex with his intern, Monica Lewinsky. Great women can be brought low by their men.

Shonda Rhimes gives Bey a shout-out. Scandal aside, Lemonade is most poignant for me when it highlights the Black Lives Matter movement. Beyoncé shows the mourning mothers of slain, unarmed black men. Mike Brown's mother, Leslev Mc-Spadden, still holds anger and grief in her almond-shaped eyes. Tears slide down her face. When she is political, I see places where Bey can change binaries, a reeducation of our senses. In Song of Solomon, Toni Morrison wrote, "Everyone wants a black man's life." Where are the mothers of slain black women like Sandra Bland and Rekia Boyd? Who wants the wool the silk the coarse the refined the dark and the light of black womanhood? As long as black men tell black women we should look like white women, we will be at war. And as long as black men live in fear that their daughters might look like them, we are forsaken. As long as black people are called unbeautiful,

> we are in white supremacy's crosshairs. White people cannot save us. We must breathe life into ourselves, see our worth and worthiness.

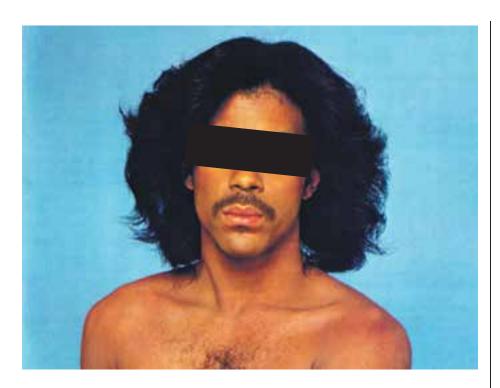
> To conquer a people, you kill their gods. Beyoncé's weigh station is the Black Diaspora. Its roots and routes return our divine feminine goddesses. Despite this,

I am not seduced by the sumptuous visual spectacle of a gorgeous woman rationalizing loving an unworthy man, even if he eventually humbles himself and worships at her feet as Jay Z does in "Sandcastles."

There is an allure to fidelity in romantic love. I want to be taken over by Beauty.

Nothing is forever. Every Beloved knows her heart will be cured: salted by tears of joy but also death, separation, desperation. Despite such oracle, Love is our only remedy for Life. As Beyoncé invokes Jesus, I realize she is telling plenty of Black women that we probably will share the same man (if men are your thing spiritually or sexually). After that, I see a long line of black women stretched out kneeling to pray, pale soles facing out connected to black foot bones, anklebones, backbones, and skulls. Sole to soul. Heel to heal. As above, so below. Every woman should make god in her image. A new resurrection.

I cherish the allegorical lesson in Lemonade. Its "black sutures curling on the side of the bath." Every wizened woman I know has found herself baptized on the Isis Step, remembering her great loves, piecing them together into a crazy quilt, a beautiful story: a Life. ■



The Ethical Conundrum of Watching Prince Clips Online

BY ANNIE ZALESKI

There's no doubt

he would've been

incensed and

dismayed at the

artifacts popping up

without his consent.

He was so fiercely

protective of his work.

ne of the (many) pivotal performances in Prince's career was a 1983 benefit concert at First Avenue for the Minnesota Dance Theatre. Not only was this Wendy Melvoin's first show in his band—solidifying the lineup of the Revolution that would catapult the Purple One into the musical stratosphere—but the gig featured a murderer's row of song debuts: "Purple Rain," "I Would Die 4 U," "Baby I'm a Star," and the future number one "Let's Go Crazy," which opened the benefit. On a recent viewing, I inadvertently started getting chills as the familiar sustained organ and Prince's

spoken-word intro took the audience to church for the first time.

Weirdly, I was watching this multicamera, decent-quality bootleg of the concert on YouTube—and it was just one of many, many, many astounding Prince clips that have surfaced online in the days since his death. In fact, there haven't been enough hours in the

day to catch up on the performances flooding YouTube. As a fan, it's been a little like being allowed to have chocolate cake every morning for breakfast.

Before mid-April, any new, rare Prince clip would be posted and shared with the caveat "Watch (or download) while you can!" because his copyright watchdogs were ever vigilant. But at the moment, nobody seems to be minding the (figurative) store, and the usual take-down notices that used to roll out like clockwork to quash video bootlegs and TV performances haven't been coming as often.

This presents a precedent-busting ethical conundrum.

Prince absolutely did not want a fan-curated online repository of his career: His hatred of sites facilitating copyright violations was legendary, and he once filed a \$22 million lawsuit against people who shared bootleg videos via blogs and Facebook.

Even his official videos were smacked

down on YouTube. There's no doubt he would've been incensed and dismayed at the artifacts popping up without his consent. He was so fiercely protective of his work—and adamant that he, the artist, should dictate how and where his music appeared online.

Watching and sharing these clips, even as a form of tribute or mourning, also feels ethically murky. Prince had his reasons for not wanting this stuff out there, and even if our intentions are pure, we're still complicit in actively overruling his explicit wishes. Though he isn't here to feel it, this perpetuates the disrespect he spent years of his life

fighting against.
Still, it's impossible to ignore how mindblowing this footage is.

There's the incendiary 1985 Grammys performance of "Baby I'm a Star," where he strutted around the stage like a fringed flamingo and defied muscular limits with his splits, dance moves, and choreography. The high-quality rip of a

mellower, spiritual Prince reuniting with Wendy and Lisa at the 2006 Brit Awards was poignant, and the metal-funk version of "Motherless Child" with Larry Graham on bass demonstrated what a fluid, chameleonic guitarist Prince could be.

The hypocritical kicker is, I can't stop. Sure, I've had pangs of guilt over the last week or so tracking down and sharing particularly bonkers live Prince clips, but not enough to deter my behavior. The happiness I derive from an especially nimble live performance outweighs the shame I feel about posting it on Facebook.

It's difficult to feel bad about spreading unadulterated joy online, even if it absolutely feels like I'm dabbling in something that's morally dubious. Although Prince is gone, it's not our place to decide what nooks and crannies of his career are fair game to unearth and amplify, especially knowing his firm stance against such shenanigans.

But that is exactly what we're doing. \blacksquare









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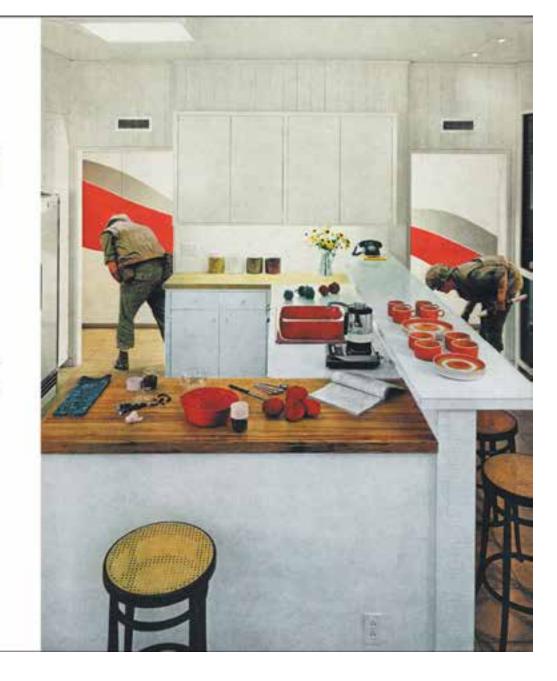
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MOOD INDIGO Fireman's hat, 19th century, Japanese.

Mood Indigo's **Textiles Offer a Soulful Shade of Blue**

BY JEN GRAVES

unny that I found myself on the phone with an anesthesiologist talking about ancient Peruvian feathers after I saw Mood Indigo: Textiles from Around the World at Seattle's Asian Art

Mood Indigo:

Textiles from

Around the World

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Through Oct 9

Museum. Funny because Mood Indigo felt like a guilty pleasure, an escape, a pain blocker, even before I got there.

It's 89 pieces of cloth in every possible shade of blue from every time and every place. Given our excessively connected and vi-

sually saturated global existence, who wouldn't want Mood Indigo's calming, transhistorical promise of blue immersion and also the possibility of infinite information that it makes available? Mood In-

digo is both a diversion from the world and an invitation to lunge back into it.

So I find myself on the phone with this man who puts people to sleep for a living asking him to bring the birds and people of ancient Peru back to life for me.

During my first visit to Mood Indigo, several things fascinated me. The first gallery is like a hall of banners lit with blue lights, but the banners are Japanese kimonos without bodies inside them, arms outstretched flat. Their fabrics crawl with decorations and creatures.

The next room has those same lights the color of Cravola Celestial Blue, but in here the textiles are abstract, a series of them draped overhead to form an area like a desert shelter. The patterns

on these pieces from Nigeria, Sumatra, Cameroon, and Java are all about symmetryabout breaking it.

A gallery painted a dark maroon gives the feeling of being submerged in a glass of zinfandel, and three giant, crawling tapestries at the corners of the room are, in fact, drunk on every 17th-century European stereotype about Asia, America, and Africa, The tapestries were made in Belgium and eventually landed in the hands of California newspaper mogul William Randolph Hearst in the early part of the 20th century. Did Charlie Chaplin, Cary Grant, Greta Garbo, or FDR ever lean on them at a party at San Simeon? I'm told Hearst couldn't unload them at auction so ended up giving them to Seattle Art Museum. They're sparkling, mad visions of imperialism. For Mood Indigo, SAM took them all the way back to Belgium to be cleaned. Their madness is cleanly, clearly visible, if you can unboggle your eyes.

Deviating from the historical material, the show concludes with a gallery where hundreds of dried leaves of the indigo plant are pinned in a rustling row that runs all the way around the room. The soundtrack, based on recordings taken from indigo fields, plays on speakers overhead. In the middle of the room, a quilt of sheer fabrics dyed various blues is hung in the shape of a silo. You walk in, and the silo becomes a lens that dyes your vision. The room is a work of farming, sculpture, and sound by Bloomington, Indiana, artists Rowland Ricketts and Norbert Herber.

In all this, there are many pieces to get hung up on. There's a Japanese firefighter's jacket as stiff and thick as a rug and dyed the color of black jeans, with two hissing dragons flying across it in a storm of smoke and lightning-a master dve job. The firefighter would dunk the uniform into water and then rush to fight the fire.

A coverlet with a kaleidoscopic pattern in red and blue was hand-

woven by an unnamed woman on the occasion of General Robert E. Lee's surrender in the American Civil War. The buzzing pattern does not look at peace. Which side had she

Swirling around in these galleries there are Ottoman Empire arabesques, Yoruban proverbs, Kashmiri shawls, Uzbek ikats, a quilt made in vanishing perspective in tribute to Star Wars, and a resist-dved bedding cover decorated with the sails, flags, and smoking stacks of the Japanese military ship the Katori. You know: industrial might for the bed-

But on my first visit, I became obsessed with one piece: a miniature poncho made of feathers and buried 600 years ago in Peru, recovered sometime in the 20th century in pristine condition.

The little thing, hung in a Plexiglas case on wall in the drunken room, is the brightest object in the show.

The feathers are iridescent. Ornithologists say they look like birds flying now; they're that well-preserved. They're red, vellow, orange, deep blues. Macaws, probably, burning with color.

A lone animal that looks like a seated dog decorates the poncho. He's the color of a lemon, floating on a blue sea. I looked it up: A certain kind of hairless dog comes from ancient Peru. This one's barking.

Featherwork was the gold and the art of its time in ancient Peru. Did this dog protect a royal child? Was it buried with the child or separately? If it was an independent offering to the gods, what was it meant to appeare? I'd taken pictures on my phone. Searching online, I found few details. Desperate, I noticed two names on my phone picture of the wall label: "Loan from Dr. David and Marita Paly."

Collectors don't usually get on the phone with writers unless it's their idea. This time, I typed the Palys into a search engine and came up with an anesthesiologist in Puyallup with a textile hobby. Puyallup wasn't what I was expecting, I thought, as I dialed. I explained to the receptionist that I didn't need a doctor, I just needed to talk about buried ancient Peruvian feathers. She put me on hold for a while.

"Oh, it's looted," Dr. Paly said when he called me back from a number in Gig Harbor. He told me everything he knew.

He bought the piece in the 1980s from a Peruvian American man whose father had immigrated to the United States in the 1960s. The family had come upon it typically; buying treasures pulled out of the rich Peruvian desert ground for the purposes of sale rather than science wasn't a crime in Peru in the middle of the 20th century, when this was dug up. It had been part of a cache of a few dozen feather pieces buried near Nazca in southern

No one knows how

indigo dye was

discovered, in several

locations around the

globe, thousands of

years ago. By rights,

it shouldn't have

been. It's anything but

intuitive to produce.

Peru. It was probably wrapped in cloth for pro-

Dr. Palv says there are guesses, not answers, for my questions. He believes the poncho was never worn and buried alone as a sacred offering. He doesn't see a dog but a cat. He wonders whether the macaws were killed for their feathers or kept as a captive troop and fed certain foods in order to produce the brilliant colors, (Fla-

mingos are pink from the shrimp they eat, for example.)

But blue is special. Blue feathers are a biological hack, not a pigment. When a bird's feathers look blue, as these do, it's actually an illusion created by the reflection of light on the surface of brown, black, and/or green

Dr. Paly explains there's no indigo in the poncho, just the illusory miracle of blue. In his mind, they relate. No one knows how indigo dve was discovered, in several locations around the globe, thousands of years ago. By rights, it shouldn't have been. It's anything but intuitive to produce.

"The indigo plant is not blue, it's green," Dr. Paly said. "You have to ferment the leaves at a high temperature. You need veast. The dye is yellow-green, and only after you immerse something in it and oxidize it repeated--only then do you get blue. It's astonishing that anybody ever figured out how to do this, much less independently and in at least five different places."

Indigo was gold for a time, too. During the American Revolution, cubes of it were money. It drove slave labor on multiple continents. Now we are all citizens of the jeans nation. Indigo is a geopolitical phenomenon. Because apparently, like birds, we are wired to find our way to blue. ■

Read more Jen Graves at

THESTRANGER.COM/ART





EGYPTIAN THEATHE

Major!

MAJOR! explores the life of beloved black transgender elder and activist Miss Major Griffin Gracy who has been fiercely advocating for trans women of color since Stonewall. Special guests Miss Major, director/producer rmalise Ophelian, and editor/co-producer StormMiguel Florezi



MAY 15, 1PM EGYPTIAN THEATHE

Being Transparent: A Conversation

Join us for an exciting discussion with some of the remarkable talent behind TV's Transparent to discuss what it means to be transgender both in front of and behind the camera. Special guests Alexandra Billings, Rhyv Ernst, Silas Howard and Sam Federt



MAY 15, 7:30PM

A hit at Sundance; SUITED tells the story of Bindle & Keep, a Brooklyn tailoring company that makes custom suits for geoder-nonconforming and transgender clients. An intimate documentary of living bravely in one's own skin. Special guest Rae Tutera



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CAPTAIN AMERICA: CIVIL WAR "You're breaking my arc reactor!"

Iron Man and Captain America Hurt Each Other's Iddy-Biddy Feewings

BY WM. STEVEN HUMPHREY

Captain America:

Civil War

dir. Anthony Russo, Joe Russo

Wide release

echnically, anyone can have a "civil war." I get that. There were places and people having them long before America's kicked off in 1861—and yet? The American Civil War still hangs heavy over current po-

litical and race relations (oh, hello, Mississippi state flag), which is why I'm not all that comfortable tossing the term around so loosely. After all, they're not making movies called Captain America: Trail of Tears. [End

of rant.1

[Not quite end of rant.] Actually, instead of Captain America: Civil War, a more appropriate title might be Captain America: Cap and Iron Man Get Their Iddy-Biddy Feewings Hurt. Yes, I agree that's a mouthful. [End of rant for realz... or is it?]

In fact, if you want to get *super* technical about it, *Captain America: Civil War* isn't so much a Captain America movie as the third flick in the *Avengers* series. While Cap may be the heart and soul of this film, Marvel

made sure to cram in as many of their products as humanly possible. But what should've been a 2.5-hour mess is another seemingly inconceivable Marvel miracle.

Civil War begins where Captain America: The Winter Soldier and Avengers: Age of Ultron ended, with the human race (and the world governments) both impressed and scared shitless by the awesome powers these superhumans possess. And humanity is absolutely right to pose the "chicken or egg" question: Are superheroes saving us from

evil or is their existence actually inspiring it? When an Avengers mission goes sideways and lives are lost, the heroes are asked to sign an oversight agreement that would put control of the Avengers in the hands of the United Nations. Naturally, Captain America (Chris Evans) is against it because FREE-DOM! And AMERICA! Meanwhile, Iron Man (Robert Downey Jr.) is for it because he's kind of a fuckup, and he feels guilty about previous fuckups. And so starts the civil wa... umm... iddy-biddy hurt feewings situation!

Obviously the psychological weight each of these characters carry could also burden the script, turning it into a slow-moving morass. Instead, frenetic action set pieces are plopped in at regular intervals, and the uniformly terrific cast makes the long running time more than bearable. Of particular note is William Hurt as wary Secretary of State Thaddeus Ross, Paul Bettany as the increasingly human Vision, and Chadwick Boseman as Black Panther, who is both smoking hot and brings a regal, balletic grace to the character. (On behalf of everyone in the world, we want to see much more of him in the future.)

In fact, directors Anthony Russo and Joe Russo are having such a ball throwing so much fun at the screen (Spider-Man! Ant-Man! Winter Soldier Bucky Barnes complaining about riding in the backseat of a VW bug!), one might worry all these pyrotechnics are hiding a lack of "there." Not to worry. While Civil... err... you know, may be an exploding roll of firecrackers, it's also a mature meditation on friends, loyalty, and taking responsibility for the individual while serving the greater good.

Yes, this is more of an Avengers movie than a Captain America flick—but it's way better than the marginally enjoyable *Age of Ultron*, and packs more fun than *Winter Soldier*, while still maintaining that film's dark, paranoid edge. At this point, we know Marvel's got an expansive, ongoing game plan, and this movie is just another piece in their puzzle. That's why I've decided to trust and not start a war about it (civil or otherwise). [End of rant.]

Oh, and One More Thing About *Lemonade*

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

othing wants answers more than a broken heart. You loved, you believed, you were betrayed. What went wrong? Was it me? Was it my performance? Something I said? My looks? My age? My manner? Maybe it's not me but just him/her. Maybe this has something to do with the way he/she is or the way men/women are.

When the heart is broken, it turns over every rock in your world. And this is exactly why Beyoncé's film *Lemonade* is so packed and so vast. It is not her looking for answers

Lemonade

dir. Kahlil Joseph, Jonas Åkerlund, Melina Matsoukas, Dikayl Rimmasch, Mark Romanek, Todd Tourso, Beyoncé Knowles Carter

so much as it is her heart, which has been torn to pieces by the filthy rich rapper Jay Z (her husband), demanding them. And her heart looks for answers in her looks, her body, the color of her skin, the history of the skin in her society. This broken heart does not stop there. It can't stop anywhere. It even turns to Malcolm X, to the streets of the city, to the deep forces in nature.

As a work, *Lemonade* recalls "the face of the whole universe" that the 17th-century Dutch philosopher Spinoza once proposed to explain how parts related to the whole. The parts are modes, and the modes are involved with what he calls attributes. Attributes can be either extensions (spatial) or ideas (mental). All of this comes to form "the face of the universe," which can also









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 $\textbf{BEYONC\'e} \ Lemonade \ is \ a \ totalizing \ (meaning, \ godlike) \ megamachine \ of \ cultural \ modes.$

Beyoncé has

her groove back.

This is her power;

this is her world.

■ be called nature or god.

Lemonade is a totalizing (meaning, godlike) megamachine of cultural modes. Some of these modes are drawn from mainstream music, others from African diasporic poetry, yet others from underground art-house black

cinema. An example of the last is Khalik Allah's contribution, which I'm sure appears in the "Emptiness" section scored by the track "6 Inch." (The film has seven directors and seven cinematographers—and because Lemonade refuses to

attribute a sequence or scene to a specific director or cinematographer, one has to guess who did what.)

Allah, who is one of the cinematographers, is also the director of the hypnotic documentary Field Niggas, about the nocturnal street life on 125th Street and Lexington Avenue in Harlem. He interviews drunks, junkies, homeless people, and the mentally ill about their life and their theological beliefs (which tend to be apocalyptic). For them, the world

is always about to end. They go on and on about it. Certainly life after the destruction of humankind is, in their eyes, much better than life on Lexington Avenue.

Visual elements of this documentary appear in the sequence that has Beyoncé roaming the

city streets in the backseat of a 1960s-era gas-guzzler. She is looking right and left at the fallen men of the night. None of them speak. But we see their eyes, their desperation, their theological nightmares.

This is one mode among many that all to-

gether form the face of Beyoncé that was shattered by Jay Z's infidelity—whether it's autobiographically true or not.

Lemonade, however, ends with a statement of confidence called "Formation." Bevoncé has her groove back-her dance routine in the old Southern home is just stunning. This is her power; this is her world. \blacksquare

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FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of May 4

ARIES (March 21-April 19): "Silence is not silence, but a limit of hearing," writes Jane Hirshfield in her poem "Everything Has Two Endings." This observation is apropos for you right now. There are potentially important messages you're not registering and catalytic influences you can't detect. But their apparent absence is due to a blank spot in your awareness, or maybe a willful ignorance left over from the old days. Now here's the good news: You are primed to expand your listening field. You have an enhanced ability to open certain doors of perception that have been closed.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Your ability to accomplish magic is at a peak, and will continue to soar for at least two more weeks. And when I use that word "magic," I'm not referring to the hocus-pocus performed by illusionists like Criss Angel or Harry Houdini. I'm talking about real feats of transformation that will generate practical ben efits in your day-to-day life. Now study the following definitions by writer Somerset Maugham, and have faith in your ability to embody them: "Magic is no more than the art of employing consciously invis-ible means to produce visible effects. Will, love, and imagination are magic powers that everyone possesses, and whoever knows how to develop them to their fullest extent is a magician."

the Russian word toska means "a dull ache of the soul, a longing with nothing to long for, a sick pining, a vague restlessness." Linguist Anna Wierzbicka says it conveys an emotion that blends melancholy, boredom, and yearning. Journalist Nick Ashdown suggests that for someone experiencing toska, the thing that's yearned for may be "intangible and impossible to actually obtain." How are doing with your own toska, Gemini? Is it conceivable that you could escape it—maybe ven heal it? I think you can. I think you will. Before you do, though,

CANCER (June 21–July 22): "Gandhi's autobiography is on my pillow," writes Cancerian poet Buddy Wakefield. "I put it there every what's the equivalent phenomenon in your world, my fellow Crab?

What's the equivalent phenomenon in your world, my fellow Crab?

What good deed or righteous activity have you been pursuing with glacial diligence? Is there a healthy change you've been thinking about forever, but not making much progress on? The mood and the sway of the coming days will bring you a good chance to expedite the process. In Wakefield's case, he could get up to Chapter 17.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): In the 16th century, European explorers searched South America in quest of a mythical city of gold known as El Dorado. Tibetan Buddhist tradition speaks of Shambhala, a magical holy kingdom where only enlightened beings live. In the legends of ancient Greece, Hyperborea was a sunny paradise where the average human life span was a thousand years and happiness was normal. Now is an excellent time for you to fantasize about your own version of utopia, Leo. Why? First, your imagination is primed to expand. Second, dreaming big will be good for your mental and physical health. There's another reason, too: By envisioning the most beautiful world possible, you will mobilize your idealism and boost your ability to create the best life for yourself in the coming months

going to lose something," said psychologist James Hillman. "You're losing what you're hanging onto to keep safe. You're losing habits that you're comfortable with; you're losing familiarity." I nominate these thoughts to serve as your words of wisdom in the coming weeks, Virgo. From an astrological perspective, you are in a phase when luxuriant growth is possible. To harvest the fullness of the lush opportunities, you should be willing to shed outworn stuff that might interfere.

many commonly held ideas about history are wrong. There were no such things as chastity belts in the Middle Ages, for example. Napoleon's soldiers didn't shoot off the nose of the Sphinx when they were stationed in Egypt. In regards to starving peasants, Marie Antoinette never derisively said, "Let them eat cake." And no Christians ever became meals for lions in ancient Rome's Colosseum. In the spirit of Auntie Meme's exposé, and in alignment with the astrological omens, I invite you to uncover and correct at least three fabrications, fables,

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Poet Charles Wright marvels at the hummingbird, "who has to eat 60 times his own weight a day just to stay alive. Now that's a life on the edge." In the coming weeks, Scorpic your modus operandi may have resemblances to the hummingbird's approach. I don't mean to suggest that you will be in a manic survival mode. Rather, I expect you'll feel called to nourish your soul with more intensity than usual. You'll need to continuously fill yourself up with experiences that inspire, teach, and transform you.

Greek philosopher Aristotle. "That is easy. But to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, for the right purpose, and in the right way, that is not within everybody's power and is not easy." I'm pleased to inform you, Sagittarius, that now is a time when you have an exceptional capacity for meeting Aristotle's high standards. In fact, I encourage you to honor and learn all you can from your finely honed and well-expressed anger. Make it work wonders for you. Use it so constructively that no one can complain

CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19): To celebrate your arrival at the height of your sex appeal, I'm resurrecting the old-fashioned word "vavoom." Feel free to use it as your nickname. Pepper it into your conversations in place of terms like "awesome," "wow," or "yikes." Use a felt-tip marker to make a temporary VAVOOM tattoo on your beautiful body. Here are other enchanted words you should take charge of and make an intimate part of your daily presentation: verve, vim, vivid, vitality, vigor, voracious, vivacious, visceral, valor, victory, and VIVA!

AOUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): When he was a boy, Mayan poet Hum berto Ak'ab'al asked his mother, "What are those things that shine in the sky?" "Bees," she answered mischievously. "Every night since then," Humberto writes, "my eyes eat honey." In response to this lyrical play, the logical part of our brains might rise up and say, "What a load of nonsense!" But I will ask you to set aside the logical part of your brain for now, Aquarius. According to my understanding of the astrological omens, the coming days will be a time when you need a big dose of sweet fantasies, dreamy stories, and maybe even beautiful nonsense.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): "Sometimes, a seemingly insignificant detail reveals a whole world," says artist Pierre Cordier. "Like the messages hidden by spies in the dot of an i." These are precisely the minutiae that you should be extra alert for in the coming days, Pisces. Major revelations may emerge from what at first seems trivial Generous insights could ignite in response to small acts of beauty and



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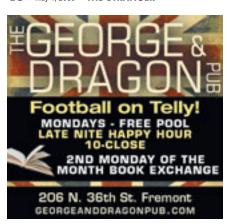
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VIENTIANE ASIAN GROCERY Bright lights, colorful flowers, and thick, juicy sausages.

I'm Obsessed with a Laotian Pork Sausage Called Sai Ua

You Can Find It at Pestle Rock, Soi, Song Phang Kong, and Vientiane Asian Grocery. It's Also Eaten in North and Northeast Thailand.

BY ANGELA GARBES

ast summer, I wrote about **Song Phang Kong**, a tiny restaurant in the International District serving Laotian and Thai dishes. Over the course of several meals, I fell a little bit in love with the place—not just its food, but also its owner and chef, a spirited and charismatic woman named Beng Rajsombath.

My favorite dish of Rajsombath's was sai ua, a vibrantly herbaceous pork sausage filled with lime leaf, galangal, lemongrass, cilantro, shallots, and sticky rice that was even more memorable for its deeply sour flavor. After mixing and stuffing the sausages herself, Rajsombath told me she hung them for a few days, allowing the rice and meat to ferment and acquire their distinct flavor.

After lunch one day, I convinced Rajsombath to sit down for an interview—no small feat, since she was a busy woman in perpetual motion. Rajsombath learned to cook working in the market food stalls of her hometown of Seno, Laos. Bored by family farming, she opted to cook so she could make enough money to take cabs to watch Bollywood movies in the nearby city of Savannakhet. After fleeing Laos in 1977, she lived in the Ubon refugee camp in Thailand, where she sold noodles to support her family before coming to the United States in 1979.

I was heartbroken to learn recently that Beng Rajsombath passed away. She died in her hometown of Seno, Laos, last December. One of her children left a comment on my review telling me, "She was a passionate woman... passionate about food, about people, about generosity, and about achieving her dreams. She was relentless and fearless and she gave [Song Phang Kong] everything

she had. Even though she was tired and exhausted every single day, she was truly happy. Song Phang Kong was the final, and may be one of her greatest, achievements in life, even if only for a short time."

Luckily, Song Phang Kong continues even without its founder. Its new owner is Thanaporn Luijan, who also owns the West Seattle Thai restaurant Thailanding on Alki. Luijan knew Rajsombath for many years, back when Rajsombath used to sell her homemade sausages to Thai restaurants around the city. Luijan has given the restaurant a fresh coat of paint, new tables, and a few new menu items. Thankfully, she's kept all of Rajsombath's Laotian dishes.

Luijan's sai ua (\$9, served with sticky rice) lacks the fermented tang and powerful citrus flavor of lime leaf that distinguished Rajsombath's, but the sausage is still delicious. It's both spicier and sweeter, studded with plenty of diced galangal and large, soft chunks of shallot. Be sure to dip it in the accompanying sauce, a blend of fish sauce, lime juice, and red chili flakes. They'll bring you extra if you ask for more

Tasting Luijan's sai ua helped me understand that there are infinite variations—both regional and personal—to this sausage, which is sometimes spelled sai uah, and sometimes called sai grok or sai krok. Its many names and iterations may have something to do with its origins on the Khorat Plateau, in what is now called the Isan region of Northeastern Thailand. Through forced population transfers and the promotion of Thai language and culture, modern-day Isan (sometimes spelled

Issan, Isaan, Esan) became part of Thailand, but for centuries it was home to Khmer and Lao people. Sai ua is considered to be part of Isan cuisine, which is known for its potent spiciness and funk, but the simple term "Isan" belies a complex and diverse history.

I've since had sai ua at three other restaurants in Seattle, and all of them have been unique—each dominated by different spices, served with different accompaniments.

At Capitol Hill's Soi, open since last August, the menu is dedicated to Isan Thai food. "Our food is fiery," its menu states, as much a warning as a declaration of pride. Indeed, the most noticeable trait of Soi's sai uah (\$10) is burning heat (not entirely a bad thing). Red chilies dot slices of disappointingly dry ground pork, muting the notes of lemongrass and lime leaf. The sausage is served with slices of fresh ginger and a single, innocent-looking Thai bird chili. Don't be fooled. Even the tiniest nibble of that chili, especially when combined with the sausage, might melt your face off.

Ballard's Pestle Rock makes their Isan sausage (\$12) with responsibly sourced pork from Oregon's Carlton Farms. The meat is finely ground, and the herbs super-finely diced, creating a smooth sausage that has a certain sort of finesse. It's spicy and racy, laced with plenty of red chili and black pepper, but brightened by many delicate strands of lime leaf. Sugar is also deployed to counter the heat, though the sausage was sweeter

There are infinite variations to sai ua, an herbaceous pork sausage filled with lime leaf, galangal, lemongrass, and cilantro.

than I prefer. A side dish of sweet-and-sour crunchy pickled carrots and cucumbers helped to cool things down, as did a serving of earthy roasted peanuts.

At Vientiane Asian Grocery, a small supermarket and restaurant at the intersection of Martin Luther King Junior Way South and Graham Street, the sai ua are brawny and thick. Here, there are three types of sausage: "regular," "spicy," and "sour," all handmade by the Laotian women running the kitchen. In the cooler case, where you'll find bags of fresh sausages to take home and cook yourself, as well as fermented chili and fish sauces, the sour sausages are labeled as "Esan."

While the Esan sausages at Vientiane are indeed sour, their acidity is more akin to white vinegar, not the pungent funky, fermented taste I was searching for A \$10 order comprises five enormous sausages (served with a dense pile of sticky rice) that could feed three people. While they are juicy, fat, and garlicky, I couldn't detect any other herbs besides cilantro. Vientiane's best sausages are its spicy ones (\$8)—moist, coarsely ground pork that threatens to burst out of its casings. The meat is succulent, but also gritty and redolent of lemongrass, with lots of red chili flakes and cilantro, and a dark, fiery dipping sauce made with fish sauce and even more fresh chilies. They're absolutely thrilling.

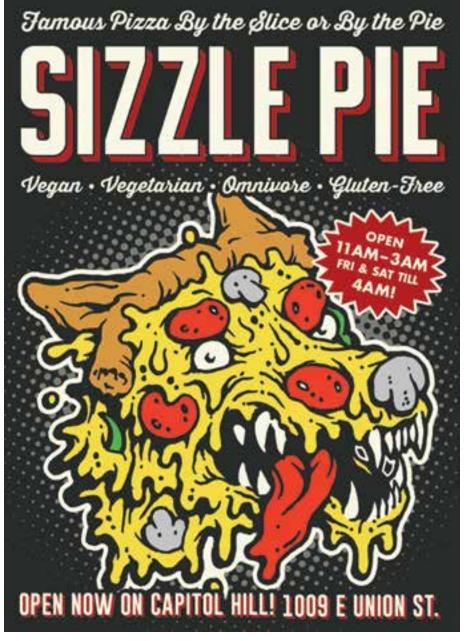
Part of the joy of being at Vientiane is sitting in its orange chairs, beneath the bright fluorescent lights and colorful flowers that hang from the ceiling, and next to the many photos of Laotian dishes (including an entire section dedicated to delectable looking "party trays") that line the store's windows. You're in good company, too—under the watchful eyes of the golden Buddhas that line the shelves behind the cash register, surrounded by the movement and voices of the many hardworking older women who are there every day. ■



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BETWEEN BELL AND BLANCHARD







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C.M. Ruiz, photographed at 1315 First Avenue—the former home of the Lusty Lady. PHOTO AND TEXT BY KELLY O

C.M. Ruiz

Artist and Illustrator

C.M. Ruiz is sitting on a dusty floor, unrolling an oversize Xerox print of a woman—a photograph taken by photographer and artist Megumi Shauna Arai. Ruiz collaborated with Arai to make a series of collage paintings for a new art show opening May 5 inside the former home of the muchmissed downtown peep-show venue the

"Do you want a tour of the space?"

he asks. Long gone are the iconic coinoperated booths with shutters that opened up (for just one quarter!) into the main viewing room of exotic dancers. The entire space is stripped—so to speak—to its bones with only exposed brick and wooden floors left to tell the story of the building's colorful past. Upstairs are former low-income apartments, also stripped down to their basic framework. The 126-year-old building is cavernous and enormous.

"Does it ever feel haunted when you're working on art in here all alone?" I ask. "Nah," says Ruiz. "But that doesn't mean there aren't some sort of ghosts here."

Getting the space to use as a temporary

art gallery was as easy as approaching the current building owners with a good idea. "We asked the new lease holders if they wanted to donate the space for cultural events that give back to local nonprofits, and they said yes," says Ruiz, who hopes to hold future events in the space—DJ nights, poetry readings, pop-up group shows. "A part of any money earned here will be donated to the Low Income Housing Institute and the Sex Workers Outreach Project."

Check out C.M. Ruiz and Megumi Shauna Arai's show and the new space at First Thursday Art Walk on Thursday, May 5.

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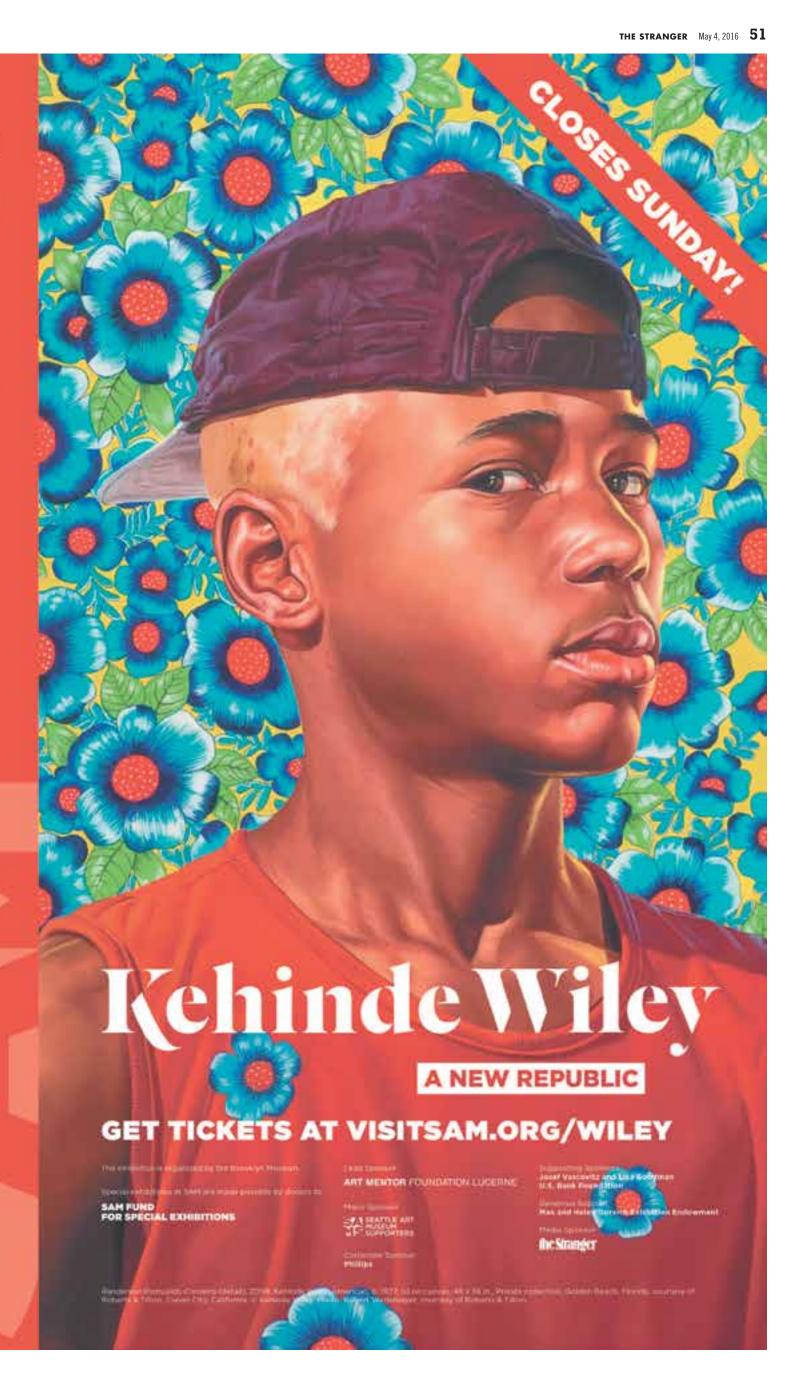
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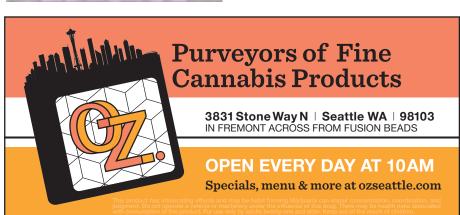




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